

# THE CHRISTIAN REFORMER.

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## MISS MARTINEAU AND MR. ATKINSON.\*

It is with unaffected pain that we direct the attention of our readers to the volume which constitutes the subject of our present article. If we could with any propriety or consistency avoid mentioning it, we would, and we are determined to say no more about it than a sense of duty compels us to do. It consists of a series of *Letters* which passed between Miss Martineau and a Mr. Atkinson, and it professes to discuss *The Laws of Man's Nature and Development*. Materialism and Necessity in their broadest forms are laid down as the basis of the theory it advocates; the superstructure is advanced by means of Phrenology and Mesmerism; Christianity and Moral Responsibility are equally repudiated in the course of the work; and the top-stone of the building is an assertion of undisguised Atheism. This is undoubtedly a bold scheme of doctrine. We do not, however, object to the freedom with which its several points are stated. That freedom would indeed be meritorious in our eyes, if it were connected with an adequate appreciation of the matters on hand. What we do object to is, that the confidence adopted is so exactly answered by the incompetency displayed, as to reduce the exhibition to a mere indulgence of a love for notoriety.

Miss Martineau's part of this correspondence may be dismissed with a very few words. She places herself at the feet of Mr. Atkinson as a Catholic devotee might submit to the direction of a priest. There is no more resistance practised, nor investigation exercised, in the one case than there would be in the other. The "Now do tell me," is as invariably followed by the "Ah! how true it is!" as the letters proceed in due succession. It must be, nevertheless, observed, that the external manner of the lady does not completely answer to the spirit of devotion she really manifests. There is an abruptness of questioning and a familiarity of reply, which somewhat interfere with the ecclesiastical analogy. "Now for the Cerebrum! where do you begin?" "I dare say you are right, but I am not quite sure"—are formulæ not entirely appropriate to the confessional. Such flights, however, are only "pretty Fanny's way." There is no naughty rebellion really involved in these saucy modes of expression. The obedience is, in truth, as implicit as it is unreflecting, and the ever active desire to cap each wondrous tale with a greater marvel still, affords a constant assurance of unflinching faith.

\* *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*. By Henry George Atkinson, F.G.S., and Harriet Martineau. Pp. 390. London—John Chapman, 142, Strand. 1851.

The reality of the case cannot be properly understood without a brief specimen of the method in which this consultation of the oracle is conducted. First comes the inquiry: "Pray tell me, too, whether in this last letter you do not, in speaking of God, use merely another name for law? We know nothing beyond law, do we? And when you speak of God as the origin of all things, what is it that you mean?"\* To this succeeds the answer: "Philosophy finds no God in Nature; no personal being or creator, nor sees the want of any."† Then we have in proper course the grateful acknowledgment: "I am glad I asked you in what sense you used the words 'God,' 'Origin,' &c., for your reply comes to me like a piece of refreshing sympathy—as rare as it is refreshing."‡

Mr. Atkinson is a highly-favoured individual. Gentlemen of his stamp are generally exposed to injury by being obliged to blow their own trumpets. It seldom happens that any one of them is so lucky as to be heralded to the world by a literary lady as the greatest of men. Such, however, or such like, is the extraordinary good fortune of this distinguished genius. That fortune is clearly traceable in the assurance of its subject. He enacts the character forced upon him as though he were "to the manner born." It is quite a treat to see him step upon the stage after the announcement of his pretensions has been made. "By all means," says he, "let us go into this inquiry and explanation."§ The air of sufficiency is admirable in itself and most thoroughly sustained. Who can doubt a superiority which is so easily assumed! Philosophy itself is seen to meet and to repel the charge of immodesty.

"What I have done, I attribute to the light thrown upon the subject by the new means I have discovered and made use of, rather than to any superior ability or acuteness in myself. I am what I am; a creature of necessity. I claim neither merit nor demerit."||

It would certainly be rather singular for a man to *claim demerit*; and "the discovery and use of new means" of successful investigation, is, to our minds, scarcely distinguishable from the exercise of "superior ability and acuteness;" but these little faults as to accuracy of statement fade away before the richness of the excuse for swallowing an unconscionable quantity of praise.

We are sorry that our estimate of Mr. Atkinson's qualifications and attainments is so much below the one adopted either by Miss Martineau or himself. We judge him to be quite incapable of handling the subjects he professes to discuss. A flood of inconsequential talk is the result of his best endeavours. Assertions without an attempt at proof, conclusions which are independent of premises, and inconsistencies of the broadest irreconcilability, comprise his principal stock in trade. There is no intelligible purpose running through his disquisitions as a whole, nor is there any coherence which serves to distinguish their several parts. We are, for instance, left to guess what the connection between Materialism and Mesmerism is, though it is upon this connection that all the speculations of the book turn; and neither in one nor in the other of these cases do we find the least approach to the kind of proof which their respective natures require.

What greater absurdities could be put upon paper than the follow-

\* P. 164.

† P. 173.

‡ P. 216.

§ P. 5.

|| P. 30.

ing? "Light evolves thought; and *thought again evolves light.*"\* "Memory is a recurrence of impressions. Habit is a form of Memory. *Fits* are a form of Habit."†

What more entire ignorance of the conditions of an argument could be displayed than is displayed in such illustrations as these? "The same reasoning which induces the conclusion that the brain is the instrument of the mind, must force a consistent man to conclude that the steam engine is not the machine producing, but the instrument of that which is produced by its action."‡ "That the lungs are fitted for breathing and the eye for seeing, is no more evidence of design, than that the seal is fitted to the impression, or that the two halves make the whole."§ Why, to every one but an idiot, the seal, and the two halves would be evidences of design; and the steam engine is the instrument of the power of nature by which it acts, just as the brain is alleged to be the instrument of the mind.

What is it possible to gather from such looseness of language as this? "I consider consciousness, will, pleasing or painful sensations, &c., to be distinct faculties."|| Or this? "It is as clear, and real, a sense, or relation, or *whatever else it may be termed*, as any we possess."¶ This use of "&c." and "*whatever else*" in such connections might seem to have been taken from some travesty as an instance of the burlesque.

What, again, can be done with a writer who thus flatly contradicts himself on the foundation principle of his philosophy, within the compass of four pages? "The brain is not, as some phrenologists have asserted, the instrument of the mind."\*\* "The brain is the organ of the mind, and each part has its special function."††

Surely we cannot be expected to enter into serious controversy with a man who proves himself to be thus deficient in a mere elementary fitness for the work he has undertaken. Under any circumstances we should decline to do so; but we have, in addition to what has been said, this special circumstance to plead,—that all which is peculiar to Mr. Atkinson's doctrines rests upon his own affirmations alone. These affirmations require a concession to him of experimental accuracy and power of generalization in their highest degree. Such a concession, or anything approaching to it, we must conscientiously withhold. There is no difference, either as to statement or evidence, between the experiences of Swedenborg, or Davis the American, which he rejects, and the equally ridiculous experiences which form the substance of his philosophy. No valid distinction between such cases, except that which relates to voluntary or involuntary deception, could, we think, be made; but when such a specimen of sceptical credulity as this man offers, by virtue solely of his superior sagacity, to teach us what we ought to believe and disbelieve in the matter, and that in order to support a preconceived theory of his own, we naturally withdraw from his troublesome presence as soon as we can.

Nothing, in this book, is more offensive than the constant reference to Lord Bacon's authority with which it abounds. In this respect, it is the monkey upon the elephant's back, with a vengeance. The quo-

\* P. 257.

† P. 274.

‡ P. 18.

§ P. 228.

|| P. 29.

¶ P. 145.

\*\* P. 18.

†† P. 21.

tations adduced from Bacon are mostly given for the mere sake of show; but they are mingled with perversions of Bacon's sentiments and intentions which we cannot pass by without an indignant protest against the chicanery they involve. The *Novum Organum* is the principal source of these quotations. Now we should suppose there never was a more palpable violation of the method of philosophising recommended in that treatise than is afforded by the whole conduct of the volume before us. This volume might indeed be successfully used as a standing illustration of the various classes of unphilosophical prejudice which the *Novum Organum* exposes.

Every one knows, or ought to know, that these classes are distinguished as *Idola Tribus*, *Idola Specus*, *Idola Fori*, and *Idola Theatri*.

*Idola Tribus* are the common prejudices arising from the infirmity of human nature. Among these prejudices none is more observable than that which consists in a desire to resolve into one cause, phenomena that, according to their true nature, require a separate classification. The multitude of men endeavour to save themselves the trouble of scientific investigation by fixing upon some single principle which they ignorantly take to account for all the facts of the case under their notice. This prejudice is the great sheet-anchor of Quackery. Mr. Atkinson's attachment to Materialism is a striking instance of such prejudice. The prejudice is so powerful upon him, that he invariably, as in the following passage, misses the very question to be resolved.

"For every effect there is a sufficient cause; and all causes are material causes, influenced by surrounding circumstances; which is nothing more than matter being influenced by matter. I observe that drunkenness and madness, idiocy, genius, sleep, dreams, murder, charity, are effects, the consequence of material conditions; absolutely and wholly so. If I pour a bottle of wine down a man's throat, he becomes drunk. If I press a splinter of bone into the brain, madness ensues. I want no devil to account for these effects. Again, if I place a naturally good disposition under favourable circumstances, goodness is invariably the result. If I place a naturally ill-disposed person under unfavourable circumstances, evil is necessarily the result. I want no good spirit in the one case, or evil spirit in the other, to account for these facts, any more than to account for geese being geese, and green gooseberries being acid, and those which have ripened by exposure to the sun being of a delicious flavour."\*

Here, we repeat, the very point in hand is escaped. It is so avoided, that its character, as far as we can judge, is not even perceived. Let us allow that drunkenness and madness are produced by the same outward causes; it does not therefore follow that the mind which is mad is the same thing as the body which is drunk. Let us allow that goodness arises from a good disposition placed in favourable circumstances, and that the opposite conditions produce an opposite effect; it does not therefore follow that the disposition is constituted by matter alone. The real question in dispute is, whether certain qualities which we classify as material, are not to be distinguished in nature from certain other qualities which we classify as mental. Instead of meeting that question, or pretending to meet it, our author simply insults the judgment of his reader with an array of swaggering declarations. Dugald Stewart has well observed in explanation of the prejudice of which such

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\* P. 7.

a full-blown example is here presented,—“that from our earliest years the attention is engrossed with the qualities and laws of matter, an acquaintance with which is absolutely necessary for the preservation of our animal existence. Hence it is,” as he proceeds to say, “that these phenomena occupy our thoughts more than those of mind; that we are perpetually tempted to explain the latter by the analogy of the former, and even to endeavour to refer them to the same general laws; and that we acquire habits of inattention to the subjects of our consciousness too strong to be afterwards surmounted without the most persevering industry.”\*

As *Idola Tribus* relate to the prejudices which are common to humanity, so *Idola Specus* comprise those prejudices which are peculiar to the individual. It is a very dark den indeed—this of Mr. Atkinson—which we are called upon to explore; but amid the darkness there is one great Mumbo Jumbo plainly discoverable above all the other idols it contains. This is the disposition to rest in mere outward appearances, without subjecting them to the rational investigation that fits them for the purpose of argument. The idol before us may perhaps be best exhibited to view in its Phrenological dress. As thus:

“I observed that under the influence of Mesmerism some patients would spontaneously place their hand, or rather the ends of the fingers, on the part of the brain in action; and these were persons wholly ignorant of phrenology. In some cases, the hand would pass very rapidly from part to part, as the organs became excited. If the habit of action was encouraged, they would follow every combination with precision; and if one hand would not do, they would use both, to cover distant parts in action at the same time. I was delighted with these effects; but did not consider them very extraordinary, because I had been accustomed to observe the same phenomena in a lesser degree, in the ordinary or normal condition. I know some who, on any excitement of their Love of Approbation, will rub their hands over the organ immediately. Others I have observed, when irritated, pass the hand over Destructiveness. I have observed others hold their hand over the region of the attachments, as they gazed on the object of their affection. I have watched the poet inspired to write, with the fingers pressing on the region of Ideality; and those listening to music leaning upon the elbow, with the finger pressing on the organ of Music; and I catch myself performing these actions, continually, as if I were a puppet moved by strings. You will observe, besides, how the head follows the excited organ. The proud man throws his head back: the firm man carries his head erect: vanity draws the head on one side, with the hat on the opposite side: the intellect presses the head forward: the affections throw it back on the shoulders: and so with the rest.”†

This is one of Mr. Atkinson's main inductive proofs of the truth of Phrenology. It is professedly advanced as superseding Sir Charles Bell's method of ascertaining the functions of the nerves. We need scarcely say that it supplies no proof at all. The truth of Phrenology, with all the organic divisions of the system, must be previously assumed before this mode of examination can be made applicable in the least degree. If such an assumption did not prevail, a touch upon the nose by a mesmeric patient would demonstrate that prominent feature to be an organ of mind, just as well as a touch upon the head would indicate the existence of organization there. If touch be the evidence, then the argument applies wherever touch is manifested. If this conclusion

\* Stewart's Elements, Vol. I. p. 4.

† P. 34.

be not accepted, the evidence does not consist in touch as such, but in that kind of touch alone which serves the purpose of a preconceived theory. There is nothing in the whole case, as described, beyond an unintelligent jumble of external signs which derive their significance from the *sic volo* of the man who adduces them.

The representation, by the way, is just as false in fact as it is nonsensical in reasoning. For example: "Vanity," we are told, "draws the head on one side, with the hat on the opposite side." That is, we suppose, because what is called *Love of Approbation* is figured as on the side of the head. But *Cautiousness* is represented as still more aside; and we do not expect that any one would contend that the Timid strut about with a more jaunty air than the Vain. The withdrawal of this single pin causes the whole structure to fall about its fabricator's ears; but every other pin by which it is fastened would equally yield to the slightest pressure.

Let us now turn to the third class of prejudices, called by Lord Bacon *Idola Fori*, that is, prejudices which arise from the conditions and forms of social intercourse, and which especially relate to the imperfection of human language. The words we are obliged to use compose a kind of magic chain which continually restrains us in our efforts to discover truth. Mr. Atkinson is a very *servus servorum* in slavery of this sort. Hear him, for instance, on the subject of Atheism:

"Men fancy that they recognize the doings of a mind like their own in Nature, instead of perceiving that they are of a form cast from Nature, and a response to the surface or phenomenal form of things without. Thus deluding themselves, they wander after final causes, and by an inverted reason see their own image in Nature, and imagine design and a designer,—creation and a creator; as if the laws of matter were not fundamental, and sufficient in themselves, and design were not human, and simply an imitation; or, as Bacon designates it, 'a memory with an application.' To call Nature's doings, and the fitness and form of things, design, is absurd. Man designs, Nature is."\*

These are words; but, for the most part, they are nothing more than words. The clause, "a response to the surface or phenomenal form of things without," has no meaning in it. The assertion that design is "simply an imitation," is a pure folly. Imitation can at most only relate to the means by which design manifests itself. "Man designs, Nature is," is a sentence which, for any application it has to the subject, might as well have stood, *Nature designs, Man is*. The real question is, not whether either Man or Nature is or designs, but whether Nature was designed. We are ready to allow much to this writer's natural infirmities, but we are sadly afraid that the mist of words in the present case had a deeper design than that which consists of "a response to the surface." Be that as it may, the Atheistical theory which is here advocated is itself a specimen of the mistakes that arise from an improper use of words. It is the theory of law as opposed to causation. Thus we are elsewhere more plainly told,

"Fitness in art argues design; but in nature only points to a law: to the form and nature of that which is, and of which design is an inter-reflexion. Absolute free will and creative power are a downright impossibility."†

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\* P. 176.

† P. 229.

To these mere affirmations we shall oppose the admirable setting forth of the true question which is to be found in Dr. Paley's *Natural Theology*. We introduce this quotation the rather, because of the supercilious references to Paley which are made in this book.

"Not less surprised would he be to be informed, that the watch in his hand was nothing more than the result of the laws of *metallic nature*. It is a perversion of language to assign any law, as the efficient, operative cause of anything. A law presupposes an agent; for it is only the mode, according to which an agent proceeds: it implies a power; for it is the order, according to which that power acts. Without this agent, without this power, which are both distinct from itself, the *law* does nothing; is nothing. The expression, 'the law of metallic nature,' may sound strange and harsh to a philosophic ear; but it seems quite as justifiable as some others which are more familiar to him, such as 'the law of vegetable nature,' 'the law of animal nature,' or indeed as 'the law of nature,' in general, when assigned as the cause of phenomena, in exclusion of agency and power; or when it is substituted into the place of these."\*

Certainly, of the two wines, "the old is better."

*Idola Theatri* are prejudices which spring from the romantic and visionary theories men are apt to entertain. Under the influence of these prejudices, the objects of nature dance before the mind's eye like figures on a stage, and the student of philosophy wanders into a fictitious world instead of abiding in the presence of realities. In such a world of fiction it is that Mr. Atkinson gropes when he submits himself to the guidance of his Mesmeric phantasms. One of his favourite notions is, that the organs of Sensation are not necessary to the existence of the sensations to which they relate. Thus people are represented by him as, especially under the influence of Mesmerism, seeing and hearing otherwise than by means of the eyes and ears. As we perused the ridiculous accounts of these people, we could not but call to mind the surprised expression of the sottish friar in the song,

"To drink with their tails is amazing."

"I have a blind friend who sees in her sleep. She is a lady about forty, of great intelligence—one of three sisters, all blind from birth. Among other peculiarities, this lady tells me that she always sees in her sleep;—in her natural sleep. . . . It may be difficult to say how such a fact can be known; but I have elicited from her what is, for my own part, satisfactory to me. She says that the perception she has in her sleep is intense and clear, and quite distinct from all other impressions and ideas arising from them. She has a sense of the chair, she says, from touch; and the idea of this sense: but her vision of form is totally different from the touch impression, though seeming to include it. She sees colours, and light and dark; describes their effects, and the similitude of those effects to musical sounds. She likens the sparkling light to the brilliant music, and shade to the graver sounds. She describes the distinction between light and shade and colours, and the relation of light and dark, to colours and forms and feeling. She pictures the effect of light and shade on objects, and describes the different qualities of colours, and their harmony in relation to the feelings. She sees the deep blue sky, the agreeable green of the grass, the sparkling on the water, and the glare of the white clouds, and simple light of the sun: and this sense in all varieties is wholly distinct from any other sense of perception she has when she is awake. She sees distance and space in a broad survey of a landscape at once, so different from any idea she could form from touch, and from moving about.

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\* Paley's *Natural Theology*, Chap. i.

It seems to me clear that she has a new sense opened to her in her sleep, which answers to those effects and relations that we perceive in seeing, and which is in fact Sight."\*

There is not in any part of this description the slightest evidence that this lady did really see in her sleep; because all that is related of her might have arisen from information obtained independently of sight. Some portion of the account indicates, indeed, that she did not see as alleged. The comparison instituted by her between objects of sight and those of sound affords one of these indications. Real sensations do not admit of such a mode of comparison; and the adoption of it here is an involuntary admission that the experience did not answer to the reality supposed. So much for the lady. As to the gentleman, his perfect inability to estimate the truth of its facts is established by a single sentence, which he afterwards penned with reference to this very case:

"The only difference is, that we do not see the same object at the same time, which is of no consequence."†

*Which is of no consequence!* Why, it is of every consequence. The assertion is that a person who cannot see with the eyes, sees some other way. Verbal representations will not prove the point, because they depend upon the use of a common language. The only possible proof would be, that eyesight and the other kind of sight should be so brought to bear upon a common object, that a comparison between the two might be originated. This mode of proof does not exist, and therefore the assertion remains unproved. There is no evidence that what is said to be blue or green by the blind individual, is really the same as that which individuals whose eyes perform their natural functions declare to be blue or green. The man who repudiates this method of investigation exhibits himself, by so doing, as utterly disqualified for forming a rational judgment of the matter.

We close our remarks by observing, that the speculations contained in this volume do not possess the novelty pleaded for them, and that its philosophical and religious sentiments do not stand in the intimate connection with each other that they are made to assume. The book adds nothing to its own side of the subjects on which it touches but folly and conceit; and its atheism and infidelity do not properly belong to its metaphysics. For ourselves, we are neither Materialists nor Necessitarians; but we are glad to acknowledge that the most devout Theism and the firmest belief in Christianity may consist with the maintenance of Materialism and Necessity in their strictest forms. The folly of supposing that the doctrine of Necessity is irreconcilable with a persuasion of the truth of Religion, is well put by Bishop Butler in these forcible words:

"It is to be observed that Necessity does not exclude deliberation, choice, preference, and acting from certain principles and to certain ends; because all this is matter of undoubted experience, acknowledged by all, and what every man may, every moment, be conscious of. And from hence it follows, that Necessity, alone and of itself, is in no sort an account of the constitution of Nature, and how things came to be and to continue as they are; but only on account of this *circumstance* relating to their origin and continuance, that they

\* P. 103.

† P. 151.

could not have been otherwise than they are and have been. The assertion, that everything is by Necessity of Nature, is not an answer to the question, Whether the world came into being as it is, by an intelligent Agent forming it thus, or not; but to quite another question, Whether it came into being as it is, in that way and manner which we call *necessarily*, or in that way and manner which we call *freely*.\*

The supporters of this Magazine are not likely to forget the debt which Christian theology owes to one who is to be numbered among the ablest and most persevering advocates of that philosophy which is here attempted to be identified with the opinion that "all theologies are the offspring of disease."†

Γ.

Since writing the above, we have accidentally met with the passage of Lord Bacon, which Mr. Atkinson quotes to the effect that *design* is "memory with an application." There is no reference to the quotation as given by him, but the phrase occurs in the *Advancement of Learning*. It is there used in, as nearly as possible, the opposite sense to that assigned to it. We give the connection in which it stands, in order to confirm what we have said as to the perversions of Bacon's opinions which this book contains.

"The invention of speech or argument is not properly an invention; for to invent is to discover that we know not, and not to recover or resummon that which we already know; and the use of *this* invention is no other but, out of the knowledge whereof our mind is already possessed, to draw forth or call before us that which may be pertinent to the purpose which we take into our consideration. So as, to speak truly, it is *no invention*, but a remembrance or suggestion, with an application."‡

We shall not condescend to use the language which is alone appropriate to such conduct as this extract exposes.

#### --- LINES ON THE ANTI-PAPAL AGITATION.

WHEN Christ on earth his wonders wrought,  
 He by his great example taught,  
 Proved his own words, the lost to save:  
 Do we obey the rules he gave?

For *foreign* popes we need not sigh,  
 Freedom has gained too much to fly;  
 Reason will rather bid us fear  
 Scenes that degrade the actors here.

Chained though the outward part may be,  
 The immortal mind is ever free;  
 And who that freely thinks, can own  
 Religion is by mockery shewn?

Use stronger powers, such scenes disdain;  
 And truth will in the struggle gain;  
 Who *acts* the laws by Jesus given,  
 Best proves the faith declared of heaven.

BETH.

\* Butler's Analogy, Part i. Chap. vi.

† P. 172.

‡ Bacon on Learning, Book ii. § Rational Philosophy.

DR. PRIESTLEY.\*

[We now print the last of our series of extracts from the interesting correspondence of Dr. Priestley deposited in the Warrington Library. The numbering of the letters in this article is that of the volume whence they have been copied.—ED. C. R.]

LETTER XLVI.

*Dr. Priestley to John Wilkinson, Esq.*

Philadelphia, Nov. 15, 1796.

Dear Sir,—Though few things have ever given me more concern than the difference between you and your brother, and though it gives me pain to think unfavourably of any person to whom I am under any obligations, as you know I am to your brother, it gives me satisfaction to see, by the comparison of the accounts that I have received from him, as well as those much fuller ones that you have been so good as to transmit to me, and which I have perused with much attention, that your conduct appears to me to have been not only fair and unexceptionable, but kind and generous; and I shall not fail in writing to him to say that I do think so, and that it must be through the influence of some strange misapprehension that he has been led to think otherwise. For I cannot easily think so ill of any man as to suppose that he would commence a suit at law, so expensive and hazardous as they are in England, without an idea, whether well or ill founded, that he had some ground of complaint, especially as he must know that in such a case as this, between near relations, a great degree of odium will be thrown upon him who is cast.

I particularly admire the judgment, and still more the excellent temper, with which the several papers are drawn up, especially that which gives an account of your several attempts to bring the dispute to an amicable reference. This will certainly, with equitable persons, weigh much in your favour, and therefore I cannot help anticipating the issue of the reference. I have, however, only short letters on the subject from your brother, from which it is impossible to form any clear idea of the nature of his complaints. I learn them from your papers. I shall be anxious to hear the issue. I need not add that my wife and my sons are impressed by the papers in the same manner that I am.

She has suffered much from illness, and such as has several times been very alarming, especially spitting of blood. I was very unwilling to leave her, as she has by no means recovered her spirits from the death of Harry. Nor indeed have I, though, having better health and more employment, I do better. But I was engaged to spend about two months in this city, in order to deliver a course of sermons on the Evidences of Revelation, and, if possible, to establish an Unitarian congregation here. I have delivered one of the discourses to a very numerous and respectable audience, especially of the members of Congress, and everything promises well. I am determined to decline all pecuniary advantage from the scheme, and, as I am a guest of Mr. Russell, who has a house here, my expenses are not great; otherwise (*I could*) † not support it.

\* Continued from p. 145.

† The paper is torn here.

I have been at the President's. He has invited me to call without ceremony. We drank tea with him as in any private family. Everything here is the reverse of what it is with you. I do not think there is an example in all history of any country being in so rapid a state of improvement as this is in at the present time. But in proportion as it is advantageous to the labourer, it is heavy on the man who must live on the labour of others. \* \* All our late accounts from England are very alarming, so that I cannot help wishing that all my friends were here, where at least there is *peace*, and no apprehension of any disturbance. But great numbers, coming with the most extravagant ideas of the country, find themselves disappointed, and return; so that I am careful not to encourage any emigration, except of labourers and mechanics, who are sure to find immediate employment, and at least twice as advantageous as in England. \* \* \*

I am, dear, Sir, yours sincerely,

J. PRIESTLEY.

LETTER XLVIII.

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, July 28, 1796.

Dear Sir,—\* \* \* What I wish for *you* is all that I hope for myself, a quiet and comfortable old age, which I find coming upon me—on which account I decline everything that requires more exertion than I know that I am capable of.

A college is now building in this place, and I am chosen president; but I shall only accept of it till another can be provided, and that on condition that I have no concern with the *discipline* of the students, and my lectures will be given *gratis*, as they were at Hackney. If I can barely subsist, I shall be content with it, rather than take an employment with the difficulties of which I am not now able to contend.

By this time I hope you have received a copy of some *discourses* which I delivered at Philadelphia in the course of the last winter. I have also printed *two philosophical tracts*, which I hope will soon reach you. By these you will find that I have not been idle. Indeed, I hope to do as much here as I ever did in England in the same time, though destitute of many advantages which I had there, especially when my house is built and my laboratory fitted up. But in this I find much difficulty and delay that I did not expect, besides that the expense will be twice as much as I calculated for, not so much owing to calculating wrong as to the astonishing advance of the price of everything, especially of labour. \* \* \* Joseph is indefatigable in improving a farm in this neighbourhood, which makes us often think and talk of what you have done at Castle-head. It gives me pleasure to see improvements of any kind going on, though I cannot assist in them. Poor Harry was literally a sacrifice to his exertions, exposing himself incautiously to cold and wet. \* \* \*

I do not find that anything can be done with the French funds till there be a peace, which I fear is still at a distance. In the mean time, I trouble you with my draughts as usual, and for this I am truly grateful. Indeed, without it I could not subsist, as things are at present. If my time be of any value to the world, it is in a great (*measure*) owing to you, and I shall think it my duty to let this be known.

My wife is at present tolerably well, though we have no servant at all these several months, only occasional help; but I dread her illness, and she is very feeble at best. However, we have hopes of getting a servant before winter. You cannot easily imagine in how different a manner we live here from what we did in England, and yet I think it quite as comfortable. I shall be glad if my letters reach you. Something must have prevented my receiving letters from Mr. Lindsey, who used to write at least every month, and now I have not heard from him for near five months. If you be in London, I wish you would inform him of it.

With our best respects to Mrs. Wilkinson, I am, dear Sir, yours  
sincerely,

J. PRIESTLEY.

LETTER XLIX.

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, Sept. 19, 1796.

Dear Sir,—I sit down to inform you of the melancholy event of the death of my wife, who is to be buried this day. She was ill about a fortnight, and died about eleven at night on Saturday. Her illness was a fever, which very much affected her head, so that she had very little sense of anything for the greater part of the time, and though she seemed to suffer much at some times, she went off without any symptom of being in pain. I need not tell you what we all feel on the occasion. The death of Harry affected her much, and it has hardly ever been out of my mind, though it is now near nine months since he died; but this is a much heavier stroke. It has been a happy union to me for more than thirty-four years, in which I have had no care about anything in the world; so that, without any anxiety, I have been able to give all my time to my own pursuits. I always said I was only a lodger in her house. She had taken much pleasure in planning our *new house*, and now that it is advancing apace and promises to be everything that she wished it to be, she goes to occupy another. I shall, however, finish the house, as it (*is*) fitted for my use as well as that of a family, and Joseph will live with me in it, for I am not able to manage a house myself.

William's wife, who is indeed an excellent woman, and also a sister of hers, were with my wife during the greater part of her illness; also Joseph's wife was never long from her, so that nothing was omitted that we thought could be done for her. Her head was so much affected and she spoke so little, that we do not know that she was ever sensible of her danger. She had been weakened by much illness in the course of her life, and especially by an ague which she had the last year, so that she was not of late capable of the exertions of her former life. For contriving and executing any work usually done by women, and some kinds that are often done by men, I hardly think she ever had a superior; and I am sure nothing could exceed her in generosity and disinterestedness. No person ever less attended to any species of self-indulgence, or was more occupied about the wants of others. There could not be a better mother, and, I will add, sister too. She always warmly took your part. \* \* \* To your brother William she had the affection of a mother. \* \* \*

I have heard from Mr. Lindsey, but from no other quarter, of the

termination of your difference with your brother. The award to him was *much* more than I or your sister expected, but I imagine any termination of so disagreeable an affair would be satisfactory to you. It has been a painful thing to me and your sister. \* \* \* In another world, of which I think more than I do of this, I hope things will be better. If we meet *there*, our not meeting *here*, as I tell Sally, will be of little consequence.

With all our respects to yourself and Mrs. Wilkinson, I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

J. PRIESTLEY.

No. LI., from Dr. Priestley to Mr. Wilkinson, dated Nov. 3, 1796, expresses at great length the former's surprise and embarrassment at a claim made upon him by the latter for £562. 19s. 8d., besides £200, for which Dr. Priestley had drawn upon him, and concerning the acceptance of which Mr. Wilkinson demurs. In the course of the letter, the Dr. states that he had for many years allowed his only sister, a widow, and his brother, in poor circumstances with a large family, £15 per annum.

LETTER LIII.

*To the Same.*

Philadelphia, Jan. 25, 1797.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of Oct. 7, received just before I set out for this place, gave me peculiar satisfaction, after having received more pain than the occasion required from the preceding one of Mr. Watson. But at that time my mind was, from the recent death of my wife, too much disposed to receive unfavourable impressions. More than four months are now elapsed since that afflicting event, and I do not think I shall ever completely recover the state of mind that I had before. I feel quite unhinged, and incapable of the exertions I used to make. Having been always very domestic, reading and writing with my wife sitting near me, and often reading to her, I miss her everywhere, and if it was not for the great assiduity of my son Joseph, who is everything that I could wish him to be, and that of his wife, to make my desolate situation as comfortable as they can, I feel that I could not stay here: I should certainly return, at all events, to England. However, as things are, I intend to spend what remains of life in this country, only wishing, if there should be a peace, to make you one visit before I die. \* \* \*

The conversations I had with the French Ambassador, the Bishop of Autun, and other French people, have led them, I suppose, though without any just grounds, to think that I should go to France. I should certainly like to see it as well as England. \* \* \*

LETTER LIV.

*To the Same.*

Philadelphia, April 1, 1797.

Dear Sir,—\* \* \* I am about to go to France, to see what I can make of the property you were so good as to give me there. I shall probably sail in about a fortnight. \* \* \* The voyage will be very unpleasant to me, and will put a stop to all my pursuits. But it is the only method I can take for the assistance of my daughter and the repay-

ment of the sums you have generously advanced for my subsistence here. As I am ignorant of business, either of my sons might perhaps have managed better than I shall; but their lives and their time are more valuable than mine; and since the death of my wife, I feel so unsettled, that I shall go with much less reluctance than I should otherwise have done. If I find myself able to do it, I shall probably purchase some land in France. \* \* \* Perhaps I may spend much of my time there, too, though I feel the strongest attachment to the place where my wife lies, though dead, and wish to be buried near her. I shall also be nearer to my friends in England, which will be a great satisfaction to me, whether I be able to see any of you or not. \* \* \*

## LETTER LVI.

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, Sept. 7, 1797.

\* \* \* Here the distress among the merchants and through all the country is great indeed. Several of the first merchants, and unquestionably the most wealthy, are reduced to beggary. Mr. —, to whom, on his and his brother's joint bond and promise of land security, I transferred all my property in the American funds (by which I get eight per cent. instead of six), I hear does not pay all demands upon him, though he has not hitherto refused mine. If he should, as I shall have large payments to make on the finishing of my house, which is nearly completed, I shall be greatly distressed. In this case I must apply to Mr. Russell, who, I am persuaded, will assist me all he can. \* \* \*

Whatever be the cause, I feel my own health and strength very much impaired the last twelvemonth. I had got flesh, but am now much reduced. I am happy, however, in the attention of two valuable sons, especially Joseph, with whom I live. \* \* \*

I have flattered myself with the idea of visiting Europe in case of a peace, but I now almost despair of it. At present, I could hardly bear the voyage; I shall, therefore, probably go no farther in this world. When I was at Philadelphia, I intended to go as far as Boston, or at least Middleton, where Mr. Russell lives; but when I considered the difficulty and expense of travelling so far in this country, I gave it up. Philadelphia is so disagreeable a place, that I shall hardly go thither any more. I have done all I could with respect to my real object. The novelty of my preaching is over, and, with that, its effects. I hear nothing from your brother, and I hope he will cease to persecute you.

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

J. PRIESTLEY.

## LETTER LVII.\*

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, Nov. 30, 1797.

Dear Sir,—\* \* \* With all my difficulties, I have much to be thankful for. Hitherto, few persons have had more enjoyment of life and of their pursuits than I have had, and, without solicitude, my wants

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\* So numbered in the manuscript: it is, however, out of its place, and should have been inserted later in the volume.

have been supplied by the friends of science and rational religion, to which I shall always devote myself. Though my philosophical friends have, in general, dropped their subscriptions to my experiments, which are much more expensive here than they were in England, my religious friends have not forgotten me. From Mrs. Rayner I have received every year £50, and from the Duke of Grafton, £40. These benefactions, however, I cannot depend upon, and should have declined accepting if I could have had remittances from France. \* \* \* Winter is set in with great severity, but my health is better than it was. I shall not go to Philadelphia this season, nor ever again to make any stay. Having done what I could there the two last winters, I shall avoid the great expense, and make the most of my leisure here; and I have work enough before me both in Philosophy and Theology.

Party spirit runs very high in this country. Though I take no part whatever in politics, I am more grossly calumniated, as a supposed *friend of France*, in the newspaper that has the greatest currency of any in this country, than I was in England. I do not think, however, that it will be in the power of our rulers to drag this country into a war with France; and if we have peace, things cannot go much amiss with us.

In a letter (No. LVIII.) to Mr. Wilkinson, dated Northumberland, March 15, 1798, Dr. Priestley informs him that, at the solicitation of the late Ambassador from France, the Directory had made an arret in his favour, awarding him for his claims 1200 livres per annum (£50 sterling). But he had received no money.

"This world is a state of discipline for us all. My greatest trials have come late in life, and I cannot help feeling them. I have, however, great cause to be thankful. On the whole, my lot has been a happy one, beyond that of most, and it is a great consolation to me that all my children have good principles and good dispositions, and whatever be their lot here, I hope to have a happy meeting with them hereafter. Sally, whose trials are likely to be very great, had the strongest sense of religion, and she says it is now her only support."

## LETTER LX.

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, Dec. 25, 1798.

Dear Sir,—This, I hope, will be delivered by my son, and as I have written to your brother, I enclose a copy of my letter. Whether it have any good effect or not, it was well intended.

\* \* \* It is a maxim with me that there is something good in every human character, as there is something amiss in the best, and that the good may be brought out and improved by proper discipline and address. This we see to be the case with horses and all other animals, and why not with men? There was no horse so vicious but the late Mr. Bakewell could make tractable and useful. I do not, therefore, despair of —, obstinate and wrong-headed as he is.

## LETTER LXI.

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, June 14, 1799.

Dear Sir,—I have taken the liberty to draw upon you as usual for

£200, at six weeks after sight. In the present state of my affairs, your kindness is my principal resource; but I have no wish for anything in this world but the power of continuing my pursuits while I am capable of attending to them; and, having abundant leisure, I do almost as much, both in my library and my laboratory, as I ever did in any period of my life. \* \* \*

I am sorry to send you so very poor an account as I enclose of the funds in France. I fancy it will hardly be worth while to take any more steps with respect to that property. Your kindness is the same as if it had been ever so productive, and will be considered by me as such.

Since my son's absence, it is a great pleasure to me to find how much he is regretted, especially by the labouring poor. Indeed, I do not think any person could well be more respected than he is by persons of all ranks. All this part of the country has put on a new face in consequence of his exertions. We want only men of spirit and property here to do great things.

#### LETTER LXIII.

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, July 17, 1800.

Dear Sir,—\* \* \* My expenses have never been personal, but chiefly in the promotion of science and truth in general, to which I have devoted my time and whatever powers God has given me, and therefore I hope that the friends of science and of truth will afford me the assistance they have hitherto done. I am now as busy, and I hope as successful, as ever. My situation is in many respects favourable, especially with respect to leisure and quiet. As to the abuse to which I am exposed here, as formerly in England, I rather rejoice in it than am concerned at it. It is what every man who does any good in the world must expect, and is much more than balanced by the approbation of persons of similar sentiments and views, and of such cordial friends I have never been destitute. We shall rejoice together in a world in which the *wicked will cease from troubling*. To that state I now look forward more than to anything here, as I cannot be very distant from it, though, I thank God, my health is very good, and I may yet do something more before I leave this scene.

We are anxious for the return of Joseph. His last letter, dated May 1st, announced his intention to sail from Liverpool in ten days, so that if he meet with no interruption he may be with us soon. He says his sister is almost perfectly recovered. I owe you much gratitude for your great kindness to her. \* \* \*

With the greatest gratitude and esteem, I am, dear Sir, yours  
J. PRIESTLEY.

#### LETTER LXIV.

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, Dec, 15, 1800.

Dear Sir,—\* \* \* Having been strangely calumniated in this country, and represented as a factious and dangerous person, become desperate by poverty in consequence of speculating in lands, and being, moreover, told in confidence that Mr. Pickering, then Secretary of State,

watched and threatened me, I thought it best to give a full account of all that I had *done* and even *thought* with respect to the administration. This I did in a series of *Letters to the Inhabitants of Northumberland and its Neighbourhood*, and the publication, though censured by many, has had a good effect. A copy of these Letters I sent to Mr. Lindsey, and if you wish to see them he will shew them to you, and if you please you may keep them. It was with much reluctance that I wrote them, and I hope I shall have no further occasion to do anything in the same way. My theological and philosophical studies find me sufficient employment, and of a more useful and pleasing kind.

With every good wish and the greatest gratitude, I am, dear Sir,  
yours sincerely,

J. PRIESTLEY.

LETTER LXV.

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, April 30, 1801.

Dear Sir,—I hope you have received four of my late publications in this country, viz., *A Comparison of the Institutions of Moses with those of the Hindoos*; *Letters to the Inhabitants of Northumberland*, 2nd edition; *A Defence of Phlogiston*; and a 4to pamphlet containing an Account of Experiments, printed for the fifth volume of *Transactions of the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia*; and also a theological pamphlet, printed by Mr. Lindsey in England, but which I have not yet seen. \* \* \*

That you may form some idea of the state of politics in this country, and see how favourable a turn things have taken with respect to myself, I send you a copy of a letter I have lately received from Mr. Jefferson; and my *Letters to the Inhabitants of Northumberland* will shew you what my situation was in the administration of Mr. Adams, or rather those who for some time governed him.

My trials in this country have been much greater than in any former situation, but I am thankful that I have been able to bear them. My disappointment in receiving nothing from France was the least, because your annual bounty is sufficient for my occasions. \* \* \* As to the abuse to which my printed Letters will shew that I have been exposed to, it sat light upon me, from having been long used to it in England. But I now find I was in more danger than I had apprehended. Those Letters were one means of defeating the designs of my enemies. This life is a state of discipline to us all. I have my trials, and you have yours; may they fit us for another and a better state! \* \* \* I was so ill of a fever two months ago in Philadelphia, that by some my life was despaired of. I thank God, I am now perfectly recovered.

The next letter is from Mr. Jefferson to Dr. Priestley, dated Washington, March 21, 1801, but it has been printed in the *Memoirs of both illustrious men*.

LETTER LXVI.

*To the Same.*

Northumberland, July 31, 1802.

Dear Sir,—My not writing to you more frequently than I have done, of which you seem to complain, has been owing to nothing but my

unwillingness to give you unnecessary trouble. By this time, however, I hope you have received mine of the 29th of May, containing an account of *two works* which I have in hand, and which I am very desirous of printing while my health, which is much impaired, will admit of it. For this purpose I thought it right (though very unwilling to trouble you after having done for me so much more than I had any reason to expect) to request your assistance.

I do not, however, despair of being able to accomplish my object by the aid of Mr. Russell, if my letter on that subject reach him. As it is my last request, I think he will not refuse me. I have also expectation from other quarters, so that I hope your assistance may not be absolutely necessary.

\* \* \* I enclose a copy of another (*letter from Mr. Jefferson*) that I had from him on my proposal to dedicate one of the works I am printing to him. I am sure it will give you pleasure to see in how favourable a light I am considered by those who now direct the affairs of this country, after having been in danger in the late administration.

\* \* \* I should be glad to avail myself of Mr. Jefferson's invitation to pay him a visit, but it will not be in my power, owing in part to the state of my health, but chiefly to the attention that I must give to the printing of my works. Besides, I could not go to so great a distance in a country like this, where travelling and accommodation at inns are so different from what they are in England, unless I were accompanied by my son, and he will not be at liberty for so long a journey.

I am, with the greatest gratitude, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

J. PRIESTLEY.

(*Copy of a Letter.*)

Washington, June 19, 1802.

Dear Sir,—Your favour of the 12th has been duly received, and with that pleasure which the approbation of the good and the wise must ever give. The sentiments it expresses are far beyond my merits or pretensions. They are precious testimonies to me, however, that my sincere desire to do what is right and just is viewed with candour. That it should be handed to the world with the authority of your name is securing its credit with posterity.

In the great work which has been effected in America, no individual has a right to take any great share to himself. Our people in a body are wise, because they are under the unrestrained and unperverted operation of their own understandings. Those whom they have assigned to the direction of their affairs have stood with a pretty even front. If any one of them was withdrawn, many others, entirely equal, have been ready to fill his place, and with as good abilities. A nation composed of such materials, and free in all its members from distressing wants, furnishes hopeful implements for the interesting experiment of self-government; and we feel that we are acting under obligations not confined to the limits of our own society. It is impossible not to be sensible that we are acting for all mankind; that circumstances denied to others, but indulged to us, have imposed on us the duty of proving what is the degree of freedom and self-government in which a society may venture to leave its individual members.

One passage in the paper you enclosed must be corrected. It is the following: "And all say that it was yourself more than any other individual that planned and established it," i.e., the Constitution. I was in Europe when the Constitution was planned and established. On receiving it, I wrote strongly to Mr. Madison, urging the want of provision for the freedom of religion, freedom of the press, trial by jury, habeas corpus, the substitution of a militia for a standing army, and an express reservation to the States of all rights not specifically granted to the Union. He accordingly moved, in the first session of Congress, for these amendments, which were agreed to and ratified by the States as they now stand. This is all the hand I had in what related to the Constitution. Our predecessors made it doubtful how far even these were of any value; for the very law which endangered your personal safety, as well as that which restrained the freedom of the press, were gross violations of them. However, it is still certain that the written Constitutions may be violated in moments of passion or delusion, yet they furnish a text to which those who are watchful may again rally and recal the people. They fix, too, for the people, principles of their political creed.

We shall all absent ourselves from this place during the sickly season, say from about the 22nd of July to the last of September. Should your curiosity lead you hither either before or after that interval, I shall be very happy to receive you, and shall claim you as my guest.

I wish the advantages of a mild over a winter climate had been tried for you before you were located where you are. I have ever considered this as a public as well as a personal misfortune. The choice you made of our country for an asylum was honourable to it, and I lament that, for the sake of your happiness and health, its most benign climates were not selected. Certainly it is a truth that climate is one of the sources of the greatest sensual enjoyment.

I received in due time the letter of April 10, referred to in your last, with the pamphlet it enclosed, which I read with the pleasure I do everything from you.

Accept assurances of my highest veneration and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

#### EPITAPH ON THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON,

Written by her lately deceased Husband, and inscribed on her Monument in the Church, Castle Ashby.

ADIEU, dear shade! For ever? Oh, not so!  
 Affection, Faith, and Hope, all echo, No.  
 Although thy virtues slumber in the tomb,  
 Thy beauty fade amid sepulchral gloom;  
 Although the grave thy lov'd remains may hide,  
 And death's dark chilly streams our hearts divide;  
 Yet trust I will to meet on that blest shore,  
 Where joys abide and parting is no more.

## OUR LORD'S TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE notices which have been handed down to us of the early life of Jesus in the introductory chapters of Matthew and Luke (granting that we are to receive them, or either of them, as authentic), are so very slight and imperfect, that they afford us no means of tracing the gradual development of his mind, or the extent to which he was led, during his residence in the obscure retreat of Nazareth, to comprehend the true nature of his destined spiritual kingdom. All we are told is, that he was subject to his parents, that he increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man. We cannot but suppose, however, that the formation of so remarkable as well as so pure and holy a character as that of Jesus must have been connected with the moral and spiritual operation of very peculiar circumstances on an original constitution more than ordinarily favourable to the beneficial influence of every means of mental culture both from within and from without. And it is impossible to imagine that the extraordinary incidents which attended on his birth, when related to him by his mother (who, we are told, had from the first pondered them deeply in her heart), would fail to make a strong impression on his youthful mind. They would fill his soul with high imaginings of the future glories he was to achieve as the destined Messiah; but it seems not unreasonable to conjecture that these anticipations may have been as yet very vague and imperfect, and even largely tinged with the erroneous notions and prejudices universally prevalent among the Jewish people. These may not have been finally cleared away, and his mind fully enlightened as to the real nature of his mission and the infinitely superior glory and excellence of that spiritual kingdom which was in store for him, till the period of his seclusion in the desert after his baptism.

If this suggestion be well-founded, it will enable us to comprehend in some measure the sort of process which was going on in the mind of Jesus during what is called his temptation. If we are at liberty to suppose that up to this time he was more or less influenced by the prevailing belief that the Messiah was to be a triumphant temporal prince, it is the less to be wondered at that, when he came to meditate in the solitude of the desert on the career which lay before him, thoughts and musings suited to these notions, and which had doubtless often before passed through his mind, now again presented themselves. But the disclosures which were now made to him of the real nature and object of the mission he was about to undertake, would shew him that such speculations as these were no longer to be indulged. They were not, however, to be subdued by a single repulse;—it might be expected that ideas and feelings so natural to a Jew would return to the charge once and again, till his native good sense, aided by the increasing distinctness of his new views, and the heavenly light, shining with brighter and still brighter splendour, by which these views were irradiated, finally overpowered them, and he gave himself up heart and soul to the more truly glorious prospects which were now laid before him, and to the more arduous labours, but infinitely more glorious conquests, which awaited him. These natural promptings and suggestions of his own mind,—which, if we believe

him to have been a human being, liable to the innocent infirmities of human nature, could not fail to occur to one living among Jews at such a period,—were in all probability the adversary or *Satan* with which he had to struggle. Till now he may have imagined that his destination would be to rule over a prosperous and happy temporal kingdom, not perhaps achieved by war and conquest, but in a way more consistent with the spirit of the announcement of peace on earth and goodwill among men. At the head of such a kingdom he might naturally suppose that an image might be exhibited of those divine perfections displayed in the general order and government of the universe, while the kingly authority which he was to exercise on the throne of his father David might be the means of promoting a general knowledge of and submission to the one true God, and a general diffusion of the institutions and ordinances of true religion.

Assuming that these, or such as these, had hitherto been his visions of the future, it is surely not surprising that a pious and benevolent mind, when first undeceived, and fully admitted to the real counsels and purposes of his heavenly Father concerning him, was amazed and troubled. How much more must this have been the case if he was enabled at the same time to perceive that, instead of a life of external glory and splendour, a course of hardship and privation awaited him, terminating in the death of the cross! Surely we may be allowed to think it possible, without in any degree compromising the highest rational notions of the original purity and excellence of his character, that such a change in his prospects, though received by him in meek submission to his Father's appointment, was not *at first* contemplated by him with unmingled satisfaction. Perhaps he may have been at this time compelled to say, as at a later period, when once again the tempter presented himself, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Under these circumstances it may be thought that there is no occasion to call in any supernatural agency, much less the agency of a supposed prince of darkness, to account for such a train of thoughts as appear to have passed through his mind; or, if we prefer that hypothesis, to render it quite conceivable that in the visions of the night his imagination might embody the suggestions which had so recently and painfully beset his waking mind, so as to present with more than ordinary vividness the series of scenes and incidents which are here narrated. The solitude in which he had probably passed his time in the wilderness would tend to exalt his imagination, and prevent the access of any other ideas to modify or interfere with the engrossing reflections which were forced upon him; and we may also readily conceive that long abstinence, or an irregular and insufficient diet, had reduced his bodily frame into a feeble and exhausted state, which would be more than usually susceptible of such influences in a state of disturbed and imperfect repose.

Let it be observed, that while we ascribe this series of visionary scenic representations in a great measure, if not entirely, to *natural* causes, we do not conceive them to have been on that account the less fitted—may we not say, designed—under the Divine direction, to confirm and enliven the impression of the new views he had now formed of the true nature and object of his mission. While they

lasted, they presented themselves under the aspect of temptations, and there was a distinct consciousness of the *possibility* of yielding to them, which could be counteracted and overcome only by a just perception of the superior dignity and glory of the conquest he was destined to achieve, and the comparative nothingness of that temporal kingdom and those worldly prospects which it required him to sacrifice. *For the time*, there was a feeling of having been tempted, yet without sin; there was the encouraging consciousness of having summoned the noblest views and principles in a successful conflict with the plausible but deceitful allurements of the tempter; may there not have been, when he returned to a waking perception of his actual position, and the arduous but honourable duties he was about to undertake, a still firmer determination than before to devote all his energies to an undeviating pursuit of the great object for which he had been sent into the world?

Whatever view we take of this extraordinary history, it will be found impossible to reconcile it with the common ideas of the superhuman, and still more of the divine, nature of Christ. But more especially is this inconsistent with the literal interpretation, which yet is more generally prevalent among those who maintain what are called orthodox opinions on this point. Did he know who it was that was addressing to him these temptations?—who it was that proposed to the Creator of heaven and earth to fall down and worship him, in order to receive in return the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them? If he did, how could he be affected by any temptation which such a being might address to him? If he did not, what becomes of his omniscience? How was it possible that such a being should be under any temptation to try the love of God to him by turning stones into bread, or by casting himself down from the pinnacle of the temple? How could all the glories of all the kingdoms of this world be any temptation to him who (according to the Arian scheme) had made all these things under the direction of the Supreme? Had he forgotten the glory and power which he once possessed, and of which he had only for a season divested himself? *A fortiori*, how could any of these things be temptations to the second Person of the Trinity, himself equal to the Father?

In fact, there seems something so strange and inconsistent with every other representation of the character of Jesus in the supposition that a being so pure and holy, so free from every thought of worldly glory or aggrandizement, could be really *tempted* by the prospect of such things as these, that it presents to my mind an objection almost insurmountable to any mode of interpretation of this narrative proceeding on the assumption that any *actual* temptation was offered to him. I cannot persuade myself to believe that in his waking hours, with the due exercise of his understanding and reason, he was conscious of any *wish* to swerve from the course appointed for him for the sake of any such object as is here said to have been proposed to his attention. The notion of a dream or vision of some kind, though liable to objections upon other grounds, is free from this difficulty; for we know from constant experience that the mind under such circumstances is not affected by inconsistencies, either moral or natural, which are altogether revolting at other times. And the same

character evidently applies to many of the prophetic visionary representations in the Old Testament, as well as (if these be admitted as of authority) in the Apocalypse. So that its utter inconsistency with the real character of our Saviour is no reason why he may not be supposed *in a dream* to have imagined himself really influenced by the petty and trifling inducements supposed to be held out by the Devil in this story.—The supposition that he was actually conveyed to a pinnacle of the temple (a position which there is no reason to think was accessible to persons not officially connected with the temple), and that when there the idea presented itself to his *making* thoughts, “What a striking thing it would be to throw myself down, and descend unhurt from this height to commence my ministry among the people below!” seems to me fraught with insuperable difficulties. Did he travel alone from the wilderness to Jerusalem, or was he conveyed thither, for no other purpose but to have such an idea as this suggested to his mind? Besides, it is in itself altogether a silly and puerile notion, quite unlikely to have occurred to a mind so calm, so simple and unobtrusive, so averse on all other occasions to unnecessary parade and ostentation. Things equally extravagant and foreign to our ordinary habits of action and of thought often occur in our dreams; but that, with the full use of his waking faculties, he could entertain such a thought as this long enough to give it the form of a temptation, seems wholly inconsistent with the dignity of character, the humility, the wisdom and good sense, which we justly ascribe to the meek and holy Jesus.

To our cold western imaginations, the mode of interpreting this narrative which resolves it altogether into a dream or vision, still more that which considers it merely as a scenical description of the thoughts which naturally passed through our Lord's mind, will generally appear forced and unsatisfactory. But considerable allowance must obviously be made for the difference between the ordinary habits and modes both of thought and of expression which prevail in different countries and at different periods. In the present case, it may perhaps be enough to refer, as a somewhat parallel instance, to the bold personification which our Lord uses in speaking to his apostles of the Advocate or Comforter whom he was to send to them to lead them into all truth, and remind them of all which he had said unto them. He describes him, apparently, as a person or intelligent agent of exalted dignity, though inferior to himself, as he was to act under his direction, and carry forward his undertaking. Many, it is true, have supposed that this was really the fact, and even (notwithstanding the circumstances just adverted to, as implying an inferiority on the part of the Paraclete) that this celestial spirit was no less than the third Person of the Trinity. But it is surely more reasonable to presume that nothing more is here meant than those gifts of the Spirit,—those supernatural endowments by which the apostles were to be qualified as preachers of the word, not only by the display of those wonderful works which were to be the credentials of their heavenly mission, but also by enlightening their understandings, and bringing more fully and clearly up to their recollection all that he had said to them; by which we may presume is meant, that they were to be protected from

error as to the doctrines of their Master, or the nature and extent of the great discoveries he came to make known.

On the whole, therefore, though with considerable hesitation, I feel disposed to acquiesce in the interpretation of this narrative recommended by Mr. Farmer and ably vindicated by Mr. Wakefield, so far as it considers what is related as having taken place in a vision or dream. But I do not see the necessity of ascribing this dream to any miraculous or supernatural influence; because it seems to me that the strong impression which must have been made by the new and probably unexpected views recently unfolded to him of the true nature of the Messiah's office and kingdom, taken in connection with his external and physical condition at the time, were sufficient of themselves to account for it. That the διάβολος was a wicked spirit, supposed to be permitted to address his evil suggestions to the minds of men, in conformity with the general belief, would not on this hypothesis be an inadmissible supposition, because, though we can find no satisfactory proof that any such notion prevailed among the Jews prior to the Babylonish captivity, there is no doubt that it was introduced among them during the captivity, and was more or less generally received ever after. Without, therefore, at all admitting the real existence of such an evil spirit, or supposing that Jesus believed in it, there is no difficulty in conceiving that the popular notions of the character and attributes of such a personage which then prevailed among his countrymen, might present themselves in a dream. But it does not appear to be necessary to resort to this supposition; and, in fact, the representation given of the language and proceedings of the tempter is at least inconsistent with the ideas now generally entertained of this imaginary being. The word properly denotes *an adversary*; it is generally, if not always, used in a bad sense, and may therefore be understood to denote the adversary of God, or of good men, or of any cause to which good men might wish success.

There was in those days a person who was then, and who continued long afterwards to be, in possession of power which he was commonly disposed to apply to these evil purposes; and more especially was it true of him that all the kingdoms of the οἰκουμένη, or Roman world, were given into his hands, and that to whomsoever he would, he gave them,—a fact which was nowhere more remarkably exemplified than in the distribution of political power in the various regions of the Holy Land. I refer to the Roman emperor, who may very well be supposed to be presented to our Saviour's *dreaming* imagination as saying, "All the various provinces and sections into which this land is divided are subject to my uncontrolled disposal, and I have now committed them at my pleasure to the government of various petty dependent kings and rulers. In thy character of the Messiah expected by the Jewish people, thou aspirest to a dominion over the whole of it, and I am ready to invest thee with such authority accordingly, provided that thou wilt do homage to me, and acknowledge the Roman emperor as thy political superior." This, I say again, may readily enough be supposed to have made part of a dream; but that it should ever have occurred to our Lord (as some have actually suggested\*),

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\* See Cappe's Critical Remarks, Vol. II. p. 55.

in ruminating while awake on the proper course for him to pursue, to ask himself the question, "Shall I seek to obtain the throne of David by courting the favour of the Roman emperor?" is to my mind wholly incredible.

Kuinöel, in his Commentary on the Gospels, has given a concise and distinct statement of the arguments on both sides, as affecting each of *five* different views of this narrative. His own hypothesis is, that it is the history of a real transaction, and that the Satan is a *human* tempter, one of the Jewish Sanhedrim, or perhaps the high-priest himself. The extraordinary appearance at the baptism of Jesus, combined with the very general expectation of the approaching advent of such a great deliverer, would very naturally, he thinks, draw their attention to him; and being of course possessed with the persuasion that the Messiah was to be nothing more or less than a temporal prince, they could have no idea of the character of Jesus, but as of a man influenced by those ambitious projects of worldly aggrandizement which actuated all great conquerors. To these passions, therefore, it was probable enough that a ruler of the Jews at that period would seek to appeal, and that he would endeavour to bring forward such temptations and inducements as would be likely enough to have weight with a worldly-minded adventurer, such as he supposed Jesus to be. But the question which seems to be unanswerable on this hypothesis is, What possible motive could such a personage hold out to the Messiah to yield to his suggestions? Above all, on what imaginable pretence could he have the assurance to promise that *he* would give to Jesus all these kingdoms and the glory of them?

W. T.

#### A FABLE FOR LITERARY MEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

WITH nought but sand amongst it spread,  
A barren hillock raised its head;  
A vine was planted near the spot,  
And sadly thus bewailed her lot:

"The reed by yon bright streamlet's walk  
Produces but a spongy stalk,  
While I, alas! in this dull air,  
The most delicious fruits must bear."

"With this console thyself instead,"  
A voice celestial answering said;  
"Long after yonder reed shall lie  
By all forgotten, shrunk and dry,

"Thy luscious berries will produce  
Their fragrant and refreshing juice,  
Whose powers of cheerfulness shall fall  
On peasant's cot and monarch's hall."

BETH.

## NOVELS AND NOVEL-WRITERS—DICKENS AND THACKERAY.\*

WE wonder that, among the many names with which the 19th century has been honourably or dishonourably characterized, nowhere occurs that of "The Age of Novels." In the reign of Elizabeth, obscure talent asserted itself in a play. The young aspirant went, tragedy in hand, to the manager of the Globe or the Fortune; and for him, fame hung upon the lips of Alleyn or Burbage. In the reign of Anne, Dryden and Pope were the great objects of admiration; and Grub Street swarmed with pastorals, satires, didactic poems, and translations or imitations of classic authors. The reigning fashion was the poetry of daily life, disposed, if possible antithetically, in ten-syllable couplets. In the reign of Victoria, every ambitious student, every smart woman, vacant or careless of household duties, every briefless barrister, every tongue-tied peer, actual ambassadors and possible secretaries of state, indulge an ever-expectant public with a novel. The tastes to be ministered unto are fortunately very many and very various: any book will displease many—any will surely please some. And how convenient the means of upholding a theological creed, defending a political crotchet, or stating a social grievance! The Evangelical Church sends forth skirmishing parties of mild and innocuous fictions into the school, the drawing-room, the circulating library; and Oxford replies with as multitudinous and as harmless a swarm. Behind Harriet Martineau's Teniers-like pictures of common life and admirably real conversations, lurk in ambush pauper returns and game-law statistics, fearful to elderly female reader. Disraeli's novels are, in outward garb, orthodox enough, yet bear within them a miniature of English politics and a theory of the world's regeneration. Alton Locke was written to preach communism, and Mary Barton to decry the factory system. Oh for a tale, sighs the genuine old novel-reader, which, like a placid brook, shall flow gently on from the heroine's birth to her marriage,—which shall involve her only in such difficulties as we feel she will surely surmount,—and which concludes a courtship of secret love and stolen rapture by the substantial bliss of £5000 a-year and a house in town,—without word or hint of communism or cotton-spinning, prison discipline or pauperism, social responsibility or short-coming!

We confess that to some extent we share this feeling. As we occasionally rejoice in being able entirely to banish professional cares from the study table or the parlour fire, so we dislike to find the controversies of the day re-discussed in the novel to which, with lazy intent, we are preparing to abandon ourselves utterly. We enjoy the Times after breakfast, but do not like to find its topics again peeping out from the pages of the novel after supper. Grave subjects are treated in a form in which they cannot be otherwise than ill-treated. We are tired of watching authors demolishing men of straw which they have them-

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\* The Personal History, Adventures, Experience and Observation of David Copperfield, &c. By Charles Dickens. London. 1851.

The History of Pendennis, his Fortunes and his Misfortunes, his Friends, and his greatest Enemy. By William Makepeace Thackeray. London. 1851.

selves set up, and which for that very reason they easily demolish. Any impartial reader of a polemical novel must feel that no question is ever brought nearer to a conclusion by pleadings where there is no opponent, and assumptions which it is no one's business to prove unfounded.

The novels which we propose at present to consider have at least this claim upon our attention, that as wholes they are not intended to prove or disprove, expose, enforce, attack or defend anything whatever. Mr. Dickens, indeed, deals, en passant, a trenchant blow at model prisons, and exports an important body of his characters to Australia; Mr. Thackeray once waxes eloquent on the vexed question of church authority and free inquiry; but, with these slight exceptions, their books are novels, not polemics under false pretences. They are both pictures of contemporary life, yet is this all they have in common. In form and manner they are most completely distinguished. The novelist may assume the part of an autobiographer, and identify himself with his hero, as Mr. Dickens has done in the present work; he may tell the story, as it would appear, from the point of view of a less interested observer; or, as Mr. Thackeray in *Pendennis*, he may take up his own position, par excellence, and claim an universal insight into character and motive. Our authors have pursued their very different plans with very different results. The autobiographical method ought to result in a strong concentration of interest on the conduct and issue of the story, as in the case of *Jane Eyre*: Mr. Dickens has produced a work which, however charming in detail, is lamentably deficient in general effect. Mr. Thackeray's method, though the natural one, from which the others are but devices of escape, is yet the most difficult, as throwing upon the author the task of creating an indefinite number of natural and consistent characters, as well as of correctly analyzing them all. Yet, while the difficulty of the undertaking frequently ends in producing distorted outline and weak colouring, *Pendennis* is chiefly complained of as being unpleasantly real.

Novel-readers of old, educated in the school of comedy, demanded a plot. Situations, surprises, embarrassments, discoveries, were thought necessary ingredients in an interesting story. This demand is altogether ignored by the authors of nine-tenths of modern novels, and, among others, by the two under consideration. *Copperfield* and *Pendennis* are both histories of a life,—a form of novel, nevertheless, which, as *Tom Jones* may witness, by no means excludes a plot of exciting interest. For a plot to be natural, it is enough to be able to suppose it in some degree probable; our authors go further, and evidently wish to portray life as it daily actually exists. Though we could point out characters whose reality and consistency we doubt, we do not recollect any circumstance of either story which might not easily occur to any reader of these lines. Our authors use their story as a string on which they thread social sketches; nor, when the reader's excitement is kept waiting from month to month by the mode of their publication, does he complain of having exchanged a plot, which, if exciting, he would have been unable to enjoy, for the diorama of detached sketches which perpetually flit before his amused vision. In the one story, a country house, an eastern sea-port, an advertising school, a proctor's office, a juvenile menage,—in the other, the provincial theatre, the university

career, the London publisher,—detain the story till they be daguerreotyped before the reader. Mr. Dickens' pictures are all from middle and humble life; Mr. Thackeray soars on adventurous wing into the sublime heights of aristocracy. Yet, however amused and delighted we may have been with these monthly packets of keen observation, and genial humour, and sparkling or sardonic wit, we must confess to having cared little or nothing for the characters whose course is set before us. The only emotions we recollect to have felt were of sorrow at Dora's death—Dora so perversely misappreciated by her husband and every one else; and again of joy at honest Foker's timely release from the seductions of the too fascinating Miss Amory.

Yet do Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray look on life with very different eyes. The one is the sentimentalist, the other the satirist; the one a novelist for women, the other for men. Let not our fair readers be ready here to discover a sneer; we are only desirous of stating the fact, that we have rarely, if ever, heard a lady give more than a reluctant admiration to *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*. Mr. Thackeray does, indeed, in his writings, carry to its fullest extent the Englishman's peculiar reticence as to the emotions which are probably uppermost in his heart. He is never rapturous—not often genial—rarely emits even the warmth of indignation. He never obliges the reader to nerve his strength for an obviously coming page of pathos. If he touches at all, it is by an allusion apparently accidental, or a chance word jealously caught up and straightway counterbalanced. He allows character and circumstance to speak for themselves, as character and circumstance do in English real life, without a finger-post set over against them to bespeak the bystander's attention. Old Bows, with his wasted talents, his broken spirits, his half-unconscious love of the Feringay, his mournful anxiety in protecting Fanny Bolton, is himself a statue of expression so naturally pathetic, as to need no elegiac inscription on its pedestal. Whereas, on the contrary, Mr. Dickens seems never able to rely on the effect of a moving situation without at the same time taking pains to talk about it. We grant him very great powers in awakening the emotions. There are passages in *Copperfield* which few men could read aloud with a steady voice; which, nevertheless, were they reading to themselves, they would probably skip altogether. It is the pathos of the rhetorician, not of the dramatist,—a pathos which owes its power to the sympathies to which it appeals, less than to the manner in which the appeal is made. When *Copperfield* describes his feelings after the death of Dora, every husband who has suffered the great shipwreck of life,—nay, every reader who has had to deplore the loss of relative and friend,—feels the artist's power in parts on which the slightest touch is painful. Yet, the effect of the passage over, the reader at once becomes conscious that it is clever talk, yet to some extent unreal painting; that the image of Agnes has been unpleasantly present to *Copperfield's* mind and his own throughout courtship and married life and death; and that the new wife will, at the distance of a dozen pages, and as much time as the author chooses to pass over in that space, effectually console the pathetic husband. All great poets have rejected the elegiac form, as subject to the charge of unreality; and in all genuine tragedies it is thought necessary that the hero or heroine in trouble should say little about it. The true art of pathos is to exhibit sorrow

in its silent effects on the life, and to pass over those passionate ejaculations which, if often sincere, are also always wordy.

We have called Mr. Dickens a sentimentalist. How shall we define the word? To avoid metaphysical discussion, let us deal with facts. He is fearless in the expression of emotion. He never stops to inquire whether his descriptions will draw down on him the ridicule of those who have no feelings or are ashamed of them. And in thus doing he is justified so long as he speaks in his own character as novelist, though often unnatural enough when he makes his creations turn themselves inside out, for the benefit of the reader, in a way at least unenglish. But we cannot say as much when his sentimentalism goes a step farther, and he attributes to his characters feelings and expressions which we feel are not, but only might be real,—which smell of the author's study table and the excitement of midnight composition, rather than of the health and vitality which belong to open-air observation. Yet it cannot be denied that the "fine writing," which to us is often so offensive, may strike other readers in a very different way. There are minds which look at life from the ideal as contrasted with the real point of view,—whose preconceived notions of excellence obscure their powers of observation,—whose emotions, either in reality or imagination, are always strung to a pitch of heroic tension. We have not here to decide on the comparative truth or accuracy of these views of life. The question cannot indeed be decided by argument at all, but must be settled by the natural disposition, or acquired aptitudes, or accidental circumstances of every individual. And thus there will always be persons enough to recognize something akin to their own undeveloped selves in Mr. Dickens' rhapsodies; whose mental palate, India-educated, will find nothing so congenial as his highly-flavoured condiments, feeling, meanwhile, all preparations of less exciting relish, stale and unprofitable. We must confess to having ourselves a dislike to raptures, either in books or conversation,—to experiencing a feeling of relief when we find something admirable, without having prescribed to us the very terms of our admiration; but with this protest, for our individual selves, we leave Mr. Dickens' sentimentalism to the various appreciation of his readers.

In calling Mr. Thackeray a satirist, we mean to intimate that he also carries his peculiarity to an excess. He is a writer positively disagreeable to those well-meaning persons who think a writer can have no appreciation of goodness or truth, except he expends a page in parading it. Most novelists spare no pains in the creation of a female character which within its circle shall command universal admiration; and, in days when the rights and privileges of women are perpetually asserting themselves rather in word than in act, earn much popularity by the effort. Mr. Thackeray recognizes the unobtrusive character of the highest female excellence—is averse even to analyzing it in his pages—makes his women neither heroines nor angels—and is accused of despising and misrepresenting the sex in general. Because he represents the connection between author and publisher in its only true light, as purely mercantile, and exhibits no reluctance to reprobate the prevailing follies of the literary character, he is assailed as having wilfully degraded and maligned his own profession. Yet it must be confessed that Mr. Thackeray makes large demands upon the patience of an ardent or enthusiastic reader. He tells his story without notes of admiration;

and when not unfrequently he pauses to moralize, his reflections have something of the epicurean carelessness or the cynic sneer. He does not throw himself into the midst of his characters, or in any way look at life with their eyes, but sits apart and smiles mockingly even at the creations of his own fancy. And thus, while both writers are most laughter-moving humorists, the characteristic of Mr. Dickens' faculty is geniality, of Mr. Thackeray's, sarcasm. If Mr. Dickens attempts to be sarcastic, he generally bursts into indignant invective; his words do not so much sparkle as scorch; and if the object of his wrath were but a butterfly, we make no doubt that he would "break it on the wheel." If Mr. Thackeray be for a moment betrayed into some passing indication of honest enthusiasm or hearty sympathy with anything, the transient glow of excitement is soon transformed into the mournful, if not mocking smile; if he assume the preacher, the text is ever the same, "vanity of vanities."

Our readers will probably think that we have already sufficiently indulged in dry disquisition on a subject not in itself dry or disquisitional. Yet what advantage can there be in attempting to analyze books which nearly every one has read? The fortunes of *Copperfield* at least are well known to every one. In what relation it stands as a whole to Mr. Dickens' former works, let each reader decide for himself; we hold in criticism to the ancient rule, that discussion about tastes is entirely unprofitable. Yet while, in our own view, inferior either to *Pickwick* or *Martin Chuzzlewit*, it affords very many passages which might be quoted in illustration of Mr. Dickens' peculiar powers. The two following are, we think,—the first for its humorous truth, the second for its inimitable exaggeration,—such as no other author could have written:

#### THE EPISODE OF THE ELDEST MISS LARKINS.

"Am I in love again? I am. I worship the eldest Miss Larkins.

"The eldest Miss Larkins is not a little girl. She is a tall, dark, black-eyed, fine figure of a woman. The eldest Miss Larkins is not a chicken; for the youngest Miss Larkins is not that, and the eldest must be three or four years older. Perhaps the eldest Miss Larkins may be about thirty. My passion for her is beyond all bounds.

"The eldest Miss Larkins knows officers. It is an awful thing to bear. I see them speaking to her in the street. I see them cross the way to meet her, when her bonnet (she has a bright taste in bonnets) is seen coming down the pavement, accompanied by her sister's bonnet. She laughs and talks, and seems to like it. I spend a good deal of my own spare time in walking up and down to meet her. If I can bow to her once in the day (I know her to bow to, knowing Mr. Larkins), I am happier. I deserve a bow now and then. The raging agonies I suffer on the night of the Race Ball, where I know the eldest Miss Larkins will be dancing with the military, ought to have some compensation, if there be even-handed justice in the world.

"My passion takes away my appetite, and makes me wear my newest silk neck-kerchief continually. I have no relief but in putting on my best clothes, and having my boots cleaned over and over again. I seem, then, to be worthier of the eldest Miss Larkins. Everything that belongs to her, or is connected with her, is precious to me. Mr. Larkins (a gruff old gentleman with a double chin, and one of his eyes immoveable in his head) is fraught with interest to me. When I can't meet his daughter, I go where I am likely to meet him. To say 'How do you do, Mr. Larkins? Are the young ladies and all the family quite well?' seems so pointed, that I blush.

"I think continually about my age. Say I am seventeen, and say that

seventeen is young for the eldest Miss Larkins, what of that? Besides, I shall be one-and-twenty in no time almost. I regularly take walks outside Mr. Larkins's house in the evening, though it cuts me to the heart to see the officers go in, or to hear them up in the drawing-room, where the eldest Miss Larkins plays the harp. I even walk, on two or three occasions, in a sickly, spoony manner, round and round the house after the family are gone to bed, wondering which is the eldest Miss Larkins's chamber (and pitching, I dare say now, on Mr. Larkins's instead); wishing that a fire would burst out; that the assembled crowd would stand appalled; that I, dashing through them with a ladder, might rear it against her window, save her in my arms, go back for something she had left behind, and perish in the flames. For I am generally disinterested in my love, and think I could be content to make a figure before Miss Larkins, and expire.

"—Generally, but not always. Sometimes brighter visions rise before me. When I dress (the occupation of two hours), for a great ball given at the Larkins's (the anticipation of three weeks), I indulge my fancy with pleasing images. I picture myself taking courage to make a declaration to Miss Larkins. I picture Miss Larkins sinking her head upon my shoulder, and saying, 'Oh, Mr. Copperfield, can I believe my ears!' I picture Mr. Larkins waiting on me next morning, and saying, 'My dear Copperfield, my daughter has told me all. Youth is no objection. Here are twenty thousand pounds. Be happy!' I picture my aunt relenting, and blessing us; and Mr. Dick and Doctor Strong being present at the marriage ceremony. I am a sensible fellow, I believe—I believe, on looking back, I mean—and modest I am sure; but all this goes on notwithstanding.

"I repair to the enchanted house, where there are lights, chattering, music, flowers, officers (I am sorry to see), and the eldest Miss Larkins, a blaze of beauty. She is dressed in blue, with blue flowers in her hair—forget-me-nots—as if *she* had any need to wear forget-me-nots! It is the first really grown-up party that I have ever been invited to, and I am a little uncomfortable; for I appear not to belong to anybody, and nobody appears to have anything to say to me, except Mr. Larkins, who asks me how my schoolfellows are, which he needn't do, as I have not come there to be insulted. But after I have stood in the door-way for some time, and feasted my eyes upon the goddess of my heart, she approaches me—she, the eldest Miss Larkins!—and asks me, pleasantly, if I dance.

"I stammer with a bow, 'With you, Miss Larkins.'

"'With no one else?' enquires Miss Larkins.

"'I should have no pleasure in dancing with any one else.'

"Miss Larkins laughs and blushes (or I think she blushes), and says, 'Next time but one, I shall be very glad.'

"The time arrives. 'It is a waltz, I think,' Miss Larkins doubtfully observes, when I present myself. 'Do you waltz? If not, Captain Bailey —'

"But I do waltz (pretty well, too, as it happens), and I take Miss Larkins out. I take her sternly from the side of Captain Bailey. He is wretched, I have no doubt; but he is nothing to me. I have been wretched, too. I waltz with the eldest Miss Larkins! I don't know where, among whom, or how long. I only know that I swim about in space, with a blue angel, in a state of blissful delirium, until I find myself alone with her in a little room, resting on a sofa. She admires a flower (pink camelia japonica, price half-a-crown), in my button-hole. I give it to her, and say:

"'I ask an inestimable price for it, Miss Larkins.'

"'Indeed! What is that?' returns Miss Larkins.

"'A flower of yours, that I may treasure it as a miser does gold.'

"'You're a bold boy,' says Miss Larkins. 'There.'

"She gives it me, not displeased; and I put it to my lips, and then into my breast. Miss Larkins, laughing, draws her hand through my arm, and says, 'Now take me back to Captain Bailey.'

"I am lost in the recollection of this delicious interview, and the waltz, when she comes to me again, with a plain elderly gentleman, who has been playing whist all night, upon her arm, and says:

"Oh! here is my bold friend! Mr. Chestle wants to know you, Mr. Cop-perfield."

"I feel at once that he is a friend of the family, and am much gratified.

"I admire your taste, sir," says Mr. Chestle. "It does you credit. I suppose you don't take much interest in hops; but I am a pretty large grower myself; and if you ever like to come over to our neighbourhood—neighbourhood of Ashford—and take a run about our place, we shall be glad for you to stop as long as you like."

"I thank Mr. Chestle warmly, and shake hands. I think I am in a happy dream. I waltz with the eldest Miss Larkins once again—she says I waltz so well! I go home in a state of unspeakable bliss, and waltz in imagination, all night long, with my arm round the blue waist of my dear divinity. For some days afterwards, I am lost in rapturous reflections; but I neither see her in the street, nor when I call. I am imperfectly consoled for this disappointment by the sacred pledge, the perished flower.

"Trotwood," says Agnes, one day after dinner. "Who do you think is going to be married to-morrow? Some one you admire."

"Not you, I suppose, Agnes?"

"Not me!" raising her cheerful face from the music she is copying. "Do you hear him, Papa?—The eldest Miss Larkins."

"To—to Captain Bailey?" I have just power enough to ask.

"No; to no Captain. To Mr. Chestle, a hop-grower."

"I am terribly dejected for about a week or two. I take off my ring, I wear my worst clothes, I use no bear's grease, and I frequently lament over the late Miss Larkins's faded flower. Being, by that time, rather tired of this kind of life, and having received new provocation from the butcher, I throw the flower away, go out with the butcher, and gloriously defeat him." Vol. I. pp. 190—192.

#### MISS MILLS'S DIARY.

"Miss Mills, for the more exact discharge of the duties of friendship, kept a journal; and she used to meet me sometimes, on the Common, and read it, or (if she had not time to do that) lend it to me. How I treasured up the entries, of which I subjoin a sample!

"Monday. My sweet D. still much depressed. Headache. Called attention to J. as being beautifully sleek. D. fondled J. Associations thus awakened, opened floodgates of sorrow. Rush of grief admitted. (Are tears the dewdrops of the heart? J. M.)

"Tuesday. D. weak and nervous. Beautiful in pallor. (Do we not remark this in moon likewise? J. M.) D. J. M. and J. took airing in carriage. J. looking out of window, and barking violently at dustman, occasioned smile to overspread features of D. (Of such slight links is chain of life composed! J. M.)

"Wednesday. D. comparatively cheerful. Sang to her, as congenial melody, Evening Bells. Effect not soothing, but reverse. D. inexpressibly affected. Found sobbing afterwards, in own room. Quoted verses respecting self and young Gazelle. Ineffectually. Also referred to Patience on Monument. (Qy. Why on monument? J. M.)

"Thursday. D. certainly improved. Better night. Slight tinge of damask revisiting cheek. Resolved to mention name of D. C. Introduced same, cautiously, in course of airing. D. immediately overcome. 'Oh, dear, dear, Julia! Oh, I have been a naughty and undutiful child!' Soothed and carressed. Drew ideal picture of D. C. on verge of tomb. D. again overcome. 'Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Oh, take me somewhere!' Much alarmed. Fainting of D. and glass of water from public-house. (Poetical affinity. Chequered sign on door-post; chequered human life. Alas! J. M.)

“‘Friday. Day of incident. Man appears in kitchen, with blue bag, ‘for lady’s boots left out to heel.’ Cook replies, ‘No such orders.’ Man argues point. Cook withdraws to inquire, leaving man alone with J. On Cook’s return, man still argues point, but ultimately goes. J. missing. D. distracted. Information sent to Police. Man to be identified by broad nose, and legs like balustrades of bridge. Search made in every direction. No J. D. weeping bitterly, and inconsolable. Renewed reference to young Gazelle. Appropriate, but unavailing. Towards evening, strange boy calls. Brought into parlour. Broad nose, but no balustrades. Says he wants a pound, and knows a dog. Declines to explain further, though much pressed. Pound being produced by D. takes Cook to little house, where J. alone, tied up to leg of table. Joy of D. who dances round J. while he eats his supper. Emboldened by this happy change, mention D. C. upstairs. D. weeps afresh, cries piteously. ‘Oh, don’t, don’t, don’t. It is so wicked to think of anything but poor papa!’—embraces J. and sobs herself to sleep. (Must not D. C. confide himself to the broad pinions of Time? J. M.)”—Vol. II. pp. 395, 396.

It is awarding no slight praise to *Copperfield* to say that passages equal or little inferior to these are not unfrequent in its pages. There are many pleasant pictures of domestic life, and many natural delineations of individual eccentricity. We suspect that Dr. Strong might be disinterred without difficulty from some rural vicarage; and we know that Mrs. Crupp is a reality to many a houseless bachelor. Who is not acquainted with some Peggotty or some Traddles, though in each case the portrait have some unpleasant tinge of caricature? How many briefless barristers and penniless theologians have a passage in their own experience like the most charming girl in the world “down in Devonshire”? Who can forbear to laugh at the persistent absurdity of the Micawbers, even though conscious that they belong wholly to the domain of caricature? And, though melodramatic enough, the history of “little Em’ly’s” misfortunes and her uncle’s love, steadfast in its purpose of discovery and forgiveness, must be allowed to be abundantly touching. Yet are there elements in *Copperfield* of a solely painful character. The villany of Steerforth and his familiar and servant Littimer—the hard-hearted pride of Mrs. Steerforth—the persevering malice of Miss Dartle (in whose personal existence we entirely disbelieve)—the low rascality of Heep—the degrading vice of Mr. Wickfield—and the domestic troubles which overshadowed even Dr. Strong’s peaceful household—seemed at one time to portend the fall of the curtain on broken hearts and ruined fortunes. The cloud in great measure clears off. Every one knows that no real life is long without its cloud; but we cannot help feeling that some of these need not have been so black. Mr. Jack Maldon is nothing better than a disagreeable excrescence on the work. Mrs. Steerforth and Miss Dartle might, with advantage to the light and shade, have been less disagreeable. Other alterations in the same direction every reader who, like ourselves, loves a novel to end in a happy marriage and substantial connubial bliss, will be able to suggest for himself.

After all, our greatest quarrel is with Mr. Copperfield himself and his two wives. He is at best a gentleman, of amiable garrulity, content to expose to the world what a well-meaning but somewhat insipid youth he once was. The idea that he could ever have distinguished himself in literature, is in strong and ludicrous contrast to the general

form of his character. The epithet of Daisy, bestowed on him in a sort of contemptuous fondness by Steerforth, characterizes him well enough. His double love-making, his fancied passion for Dora, co-existing with his real attachment to Agnes, is evidently intended to form the chief thread of interest through the book; yet to our mind all interest in the feelings of the hero himself is completely destroyed by the fact that this co-existence is so plainly left visible. The youthful love-making of David and Dora is indeed amusing enough, and not without its truth to nature; but even from the first it is plain that Dora is to be sacrificed to Agnes,—that she must be killed out of the way either before or after marriage,—that she must either be made unhappy by the discovery of her lover's half unconscious insincerity, or die and be forgotten. For our own part, we should prefer to murder Agnes to make way for Dora. We never remember to have met with a character so disagreeably sentimental as the former. She is always thinking, doing or saying perfection. She is a dear presence. She points upward. She is a source of aspiration. She is a centre of life. She is a rock. She is a great many more unpleasant things. We confess that either in the presence of a real angel or in that of Mrs. David Copperfield, we should have felt considerable restraint; so also, we imagine, must her husband; and we by no means envy him that honourable, though, at the same time, onerous relationship. On the contrary, Dora, having some not slight tinge of human frailty about her, and being, moreover, ill-used by the novelist, is open to human sympathy. We are heartily sorry for her. We are strongly of opinion that Mr. Dickens has wilfully and maliciously exaggerated the defects of her housekeeping. Love is a strong stimulus to the mind; and so much genuine affection might, we think, not unnaturally have learned the mysteries of a leg of mutton or the household account-book. Peace be to her ashes and to those of faithful Jip!

As we have some reason to believe that Pendennis has not been so universally read as Copperfield, we shall rather attempt to illustrate our former remarks upon it by extracts, than to dissertate upon its characters and plot. The characters of Pendennis, however, are not to be described in a page. They are elaborate creations, all the complexities of which only gradually develop themselves before the reader. Major Pendennis, the principal figure, if not the hero of the work, is a most laborious and a most successful work of art. Thus the book opens with a description of his outward man:

#### MAJOR PENDENNIS AT THE CLUB.

"One fine morning in the full London season, Major Arthur Pendennis came over from his lodgings, according to his custom, to breakfast at a certain Club in Pall Mall, of which he was a chief ornament. As he was one of the finest judges of wine in England, and a man of active, dominating, and inquiring spirit, he had been very properly chosen to be a member of the Committee of this Club, and indeed was almost the manager of the institution; and the stewards and waiters bowed before him as reverentially as to a Duke or a Field-Marshal.

"At a quarter past ten the Major invariably made his appearance in the best blacked boots in all London, with a checked morning cravat that never was rumpled until dinner time, a buff waistcoat which bore the crown of his sovereign on the buttons, and linen so spotless that Mr. Brummel himself asked the name of his laundress, and would probably have employed her had

not misfortunes compelled that great man to fly the country. Pendennis's coat, his white gloves, his whiskers, his very cane, were perfect of their kind as specimens of the costume of a military man *en retraite*. At a distance, or seeing his back merely, you would have taken him to be not more than thirty years old: it was only by a nearer inspection that you saw the factitious nature of his rich brown hair, and that there were a few crow's-feet round about the somewhat faded eyes of his handsome mottled face. His nose was of the Wellington pattern. His hands and wristbands were beautifully long and white. On the latter he wore handsome gold buttons given to him by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and on the others more than one elegant ring, the chief and largest of them being emblazoned with the famous arms of Pendennis.

"He always took possession of the same table in the same corner of the room, from which nobody ever now thought of ousting him. One or two mad wags and wild fellows had in former days, and in a freak or bravado, endeavoured twice or thrice to deprive him of this place; but there was a quiet dignity in the Major's manner as he took his seat at the next table, and surveyed the interlopers, which rendered it impossible for any man to sit and breakfast under his eye; and that table—by the fire, and yet near the window—became his own. His letters were laid out there in expectation of his arrival, and many was the young fellow about town who looked with wonder at the number of those notes, and at the seals and franks which they bore. If there was any question about etiquette, society, who was married to whom, of what age such and such a duke was, Pendennis was the man to whom every one appealed. Marchionesses used to drive up to the Club, and leave notes for him, or fetch him out. He was perfectly affable. The young men liked to walk with him in the Park or down Pall Mall; for he touched his hat to everybody, and every other man he met was a lord.

"The Major sate down at his accustomed table then, and while the waiters went to bring him his toast and his hot newspaper, he surveyed his letters through his gold double eye-glass. He carried it so gaily, you would hardly have known it was spectacles in disguise, and examined one pretty note after another, and laid them by in order. There were large solemn dinner cards, suggestive of three courses and heavy conversation; there were neat little confidential notes, conveying female entreaties; there was a note on thick official paper from the Marquis of Steyne, telling him to come to Richmond to a little party at the Star and Garter, and speak French, which language the Major possessed very perfectly; and another from the Bishop of Ealing and Mrs. Trail, requesting the honour of Major Pendennis's company at Ealing House, all of which letters Pendennis read gracefully, and with the more satisfaction, because Glowry, the Scotch surgeon breakfasting opposite to him, was looking on, and hating him for having so many invitations, which nobody ever sent to Glowry.

"These perused, the Major took out his pocket-book to see on what days he was disengaged, and which of these many hospitable calls he could afford to accept or decline.

"He threw over Cutler, the East India Director, in Baker Street, in order to dine with Lord Steyne and the little French party at the Star and Garter—the Bishop he accepted, because, though the dinner was slow, he liked to dine with bishops—and so went through his list and disposed of them according to his fancy or interest. Then he took his breakfast and looked over the paper, the gazette, the births and deaths, and the fashionable intelligence, to see that his name was down among the guests at my Lord So-and-so's fête, and in the intervals of these occupations carried on cheerful conversation with his acquaintances about the room."—Vol. I. pp. 1—3.

#### MAJOR PENDENNIS'S ASSOCIATES.

"'Yes, my dear boy,' said the old bachelor, as they sauntered through the

Green Park, where many poor children were disporting happily, and errand boys were playing at toss-halfpenny, and black sheep were grazing in the sunshine, and an actor was learning his part on a bench, and nursery maids and their charges sauntered here and there, and several couples were walking in a leisurely manner; 'yes, depend on it, my boy; for a poor man, there is nothing like having good acquaintances. Who were those men, with whom you saw me in the bow-window at Bays's? Two were Peers of the realm. Hobananob *will* be a Peer, as soon as his grand-uncle dies, and he has had his third seizure; and of the other four, not one has less than his seven thousand a-year. Did you see that dark blue brougham, with that tremendous stepping horse, waiting at the door of the club? You'll know it again. It is Sir Hugh Trumpington's; he was never known to walk in his life; never appears in the streets on foot—never: and if he is going two doors off, to see his mother, the old dowager, (to whom I shall certainly introduce you, for she receives some of the best company in London,) gad, sir, he mounts his horse at No. 23, and dismounts again at No. 25 A. He is now upstairs, at Bays's, playing picquet with Count Punter: he is the second-best player in England—as well he may be; for he plays every day of his life, except Sundays, (for Sir Hugh is an uncommonly religious man,) from half-past three till half-past seven, when he dresses for dinner.'

"A very pious manner of spending his time,' Pen said, laughing, and thinking that his uncle was falling into the twaddling state.

"Gad, sir, that is not the question. A man of his estate may employ his time as he chooses. When you are a baronet, a county member, with ten thousand acres of the best land in Cheshire, and such a place as Trumpington (though he never goes there), you may do as you like.'

"And so that was his brougham, sir, was it?' the nephew said, with almost a sneer.

"His brougham—O ay, yes!—and that brings me back to my point—*revenons à nos moutons*. Yes, begad! *revenons à nos moutons*. Well, that brougham is mine if I choose, between four and seven. Just as much mine as if I jobbed it from Tilbury's, begad, for thirty pound a-month. Sir Hugh is the best-natured fellow in the world; and if it hadn't been so fine an afternoon as it is, you and I would have been in that brougham at this very minute, on our way to Grosvenor Place. That is the benefit of knowing rich men;—I dine for nothing, sir;—I go into the country, and I'm mounted for nothing. Other fellows keep hounds and gamekeepers for me. *Sic vos non vobis*, as we used to say at Grey Friars, hey? I'm of the opinion of my old friend Leech, of the Forty-fourth; and a devilish good shrewd fellow he was, as most Scotchmen are. Gad, sir, Leech used to say, 'He was so poor that he couldn't afford to know a poor man.'

"You don't act up to your principles, uncle,' Pen said, good-naturedly.

"Up to my principles; how, sir?' the Major asked, rather testily.

"You would have cut me in Saint James's Street, sir,' Pen said, 'were your practice not more benevolent than your theory; you who live with dukes and magnates of the land, and would take no notice of a poor devil like me.' By which speech we may see that Mr. Pen was getting on in the world, and could flatter as well as laugh in his sleeve.

"Major Pendennis was appeased instantly, and very much pleased. He tapped affectionately his nephew's arm on which he was leaning, and said,—'You, sir, you are my flesh and blood! Hang it, sir, I've been very proud of you and very fond of you, but for your confounded follies and extravagancies—and wild oats, sir, which I hope you've sown. Yes, begad! I hope you've sown 'em; I hope you've sown 'em, begad! My object, Arthur, is to make a man of you—to see you well placed in the world, as becomes one of your name and my own, sir. You have got yourself a little reputation by your literary talents, which I am very far from undervaluing, though in my time, begad, poetry and genius and that sort of thing were devilish disreputable.'

There was poor Byron, for instance, who ruined himself, and contracted the worst habits by living with poets and newspaper-writers, and people of that kind. But the times are changed now—there's a run upon literature—clever fellows get into the best houses in town, begad! *Tempora mutantur*, sir; and by Jove, I suppose whatever is is right, as Shakspeare says.'

"Pen did not think fit to tell his uncle who was the author who had made use of that remarkable phrase, and here descending from the Green Park, the pair made their way into Grosvenor Place, and to the door of the mansion occupied there by Sir Francis and Lady Clavering."—Vol. I. pp. 364, 365.

MAJOR PENDENNIS SCHEMES AND IS OUT-GENERALLED.

"Arthur, as he traversed the passages of the hotel, felt his anger rousing up within him. He was indignant to think that yonder old gentleman whom he was about to meet, should have made him such a tool and puppet, and so compromised his honour and good name. The old fellow's hand was very cold and shaky when Arthur took it. He was coughing; he was grumbling over the fire; Froch could not bring his dressing-gown or arrange his papers as that d——d confounded impudent scoundrel of a Morgan. The old gentleman bemoaned himself, and cursed Morgan's ingratitude with peevish pathos.

"The confounded impudent scoundrel! He was drunk last night, and challenged me to fight him, Pen; and, begad, at one time I was so excited that I thought I should have driven a knife into him; and the infernal rascal has made ten thousand pound, I believe—and deserves to be hanged, and will be; but, curse him, I wish he could have lasted out my time. He knew all my ways, and, dammy, when I rang the bell, the confounded thief brought the thing I wanted—not like that stupid German lout. And what sort of time have you had in the country? Been a good deal with Lady Rockminster? You can't do better. She is one of the old school—*vieille école*, *bonne école*, hey? Dammy, they don't make gentlemen and ladies now; and in fifty years you'll hardly know one man from another. But they'll last my time. I ain't long for this business: I am getting very old, Pen, my boy; and, gad, I was thinking to-day, as I was packing up my little library, there's a bible amongst the books that belonged to my poor mother; I would like you to keep that, Pen. I was thinking, sir, that you would most likely open the box when it was your property, and the old fellow was laid under the sod, sir,' and the Major coughed and wagged his old head over the fire.

"His age—his kindness, disarmed Pen's anger somewhat, and made Arthur feel no little compunction for the deed which he was about to do. He knew that the announcement which he was about to make would destroy the darling hope of the old gentleman's life, and create in his breast a woful anger and commotion.

"Hey—hey—I'm off, sir,' nodded the Elder; 'but I'd like to read a speech of yours in the *Times* before I go—' Mr. Pendennis said, Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking'—hey, sir? hey, Arthur? Begad, you look dev'lish well and healthy, sir. I always said my brother Jack would bring the family right. You must go down into the west, and buy the old estate, sir. *Nec tenui pennâ*, hey? We'll rise again, sir—rise again on the wing—and, begad, I shouldn't be surprised that you will be a Baronet before you die.'

"His words smote Pen. 'And it is I,' he thought, 'that am going to fling down the poor old fellow's air-castle. Well, it must be. Here goes.—I—I went into your lodgings at Bury Street, though I did not find you,' Pen slowly began—'and I talked with Morgan, uncle.'

"Indeed! The old gentleman's cheek began to flush involuntarily, and he muttered, 'The cat's out of the bag now, begad!'

"He told me a story, sir, which gave me the deepest surprise and pain,' said Pen.

"The Major tried to look unconcerned. 'What—that story about—about Whatdoyoucall'em, hey?'

“‘About Miss Amory’s father—about Lady Clavering’s first husband, and who he is, and what.’

“‘Hem—a devilish awkward affair!’ said the old man, rubbing his nose. ‘I—I’ve been aware of that—eh—confounded circumstance for some time.’

“‘I wish I had known it sooner, or not at all,’ said Arthur, gloomily.

“‘He is all safe,’ thought the Senior, greatly relieved. ‘Gad! I should have liked to keep it from you altogether—and from those two poor women, who are as innocent as unborn babes in the transaction.’

“‘You are right. There is no reason why the two women should hear it; and I shall never tell them—though that villain, Morgan, perhaps may,’ Arthur said, gloomily. ‘He seems disposed to trade upon his secret, and has already proposed terms of ransom to me. I wish I had known of the matter earlier, sir. It is not a very pleasant thought to me that I am engaged to a convict’s daughter.’

“‘The very reason why I kept it from you—my dear boy. But Miss Amory is not a convict’s daughter, don’t you see? Miss Amory is the daughter of Lady Clavering, with fifty or sixty thousand pounds for a fortune; and her father-in-law, a Baronet and country gentleman, of high reputation, approves of the match, and gives up his seat in Parliament to his son-in-law. What can be more simple?’

“‘Is it true, sir?’

“‘Begad, yes, it is true, of course it’s true. Amory’s dead. I tell you he is dead. The first sign of life he shows, he is dead. He can’t appear. We have him at a dead-lock, like the fellow in the play—the Critic, hey?—devilish amusing play, that Critic. Monstrous witty man Sheridan; and so was his son. By Gad, sir, when I was at the Cape, I remember—’

“‘The old gentleman’s garrulity, and wish to conduct Arthur to the Cape, perhaps arose from a desire to avoid the subject which was nearest his nephew’s heart; but Arthur broke out, interrupting him—‘If you had told me this tale sooner, I believe you would have spared me and yourself a great deal of pain and disappointment; and I should not have found myself tied to an engagement from which I can’t, in honour, recede.’

“‘No, begad, we’ve fixed you—and a man who’s fixed to a seat in Parliament, and a pretty girl, with a couple of thousand a-year, is fixed to no bad thing, let me tell you,’ said the old man.

“‘Great Heavens, sir!’ said Arthur; ‘are you blind? Can’t you see?’

“‘See what, young gentleman?’ asked the other.

“‘See, that rather than trade upon this secret of Amory’s,’ Arthur cried out, ‘I would go and join my father-in-law at the hulks! See, that rather than take a seat in Parliament as a bribe from Clavering for silence, I would take the spoons off the table! Sec, that you have given me a felon’s daughter for a wife; doomed me to poverty and shame; cursed my career when it might have been—when it might have been so different but for you! Don’t you see that we have been playing a guilty game, and have been over-reached;—that in offering to marry this poor girl, for the sake of her money, and the advancement she would bring, I was degrading myself, and prostituting my honour?’

“‘What in Heaven’s name do you mean, sir?’ cried the old man.

“‘I mean to say that there is a measure of baseness which I can’t pass,’ Arthur said. ‘I have no other words for it, and am sorry if they hurt you. I have felt, for months past, that my conduct in this affair has been wicked, sordid, and worldly. I am rightly punished by the event, and having sold myself for money and a seat in Parliament, by losing both.’

“‘How do you mean that you lose either?’ shrieked the old gentleman. ‘Who the devil’s to take your fortune or your seat away from you? By G—, Clavering *shall* give ’em to you. You shall have every shilling of eighty thousand pounds.’

“‘I’ll keep my promise to Miss Amory, sir,’ said Arthur.

“‘And, begged, her parents shall keep their’s to you.’

“‘Not so, please God,’ Arthur answered. ‘I have sinned, but, Heaven help me, I will sin no more. I will let Clavering off from that bargain which was made without my knowledge. I will take no money with Blanche but that which was originally settled upon her; and I will try to make her happy. You have done it. You have brought this on me, sir. But you knew no better: and I forgive——’

“‘Arthur—in God’s name—in your father’s, who, by Heavens, was the proudest man alive, and had the honour of the family always at heart—in mine—for the sake of a poor broken down old fellow, who has always been devilish fond of you—don’t fling this chance away—I pray you, I beg you, I implore you, my dear, dear boy, don’t fling this chance away. It’s the making of you. You’re sure to get on. You’ll be a Baronet; it’s three thousand a year: dammy, on my knees, there, I beg of you, don’t do this.’

“And the old man actually sank down on his knees, and seizing one of Arthur’s hands, looked up piteously at him. It was cruel to remark the shaking hands, the wrinkled and quivering face, the old eyes weeping and winking, the broken voice. ‘Ah, sir,’ said Arthur, with a groan. ‘You have brought pain enough on me, spare me this. You have wished me to marry Blanche. I marry her. For God’s sake, sir, rise, I can’t bear it.’

“‘You—you mean to say that you will take her as a beggar, and be one yourself?’ said the old gentleman, rising up and coughing violently.

“‘I look at her as a person to whom a great calamity has befallen, and to whom I am promised. She cannot help the misfortune; and as she had my word when she was prosperous, I shall not withdraw it now she is poor. I will not take Clavering’s seat, unless afterwards it should be given of his free will. I will not have a shilling more than her original fortune.’

“‘Have the kindness to ring the bell,’ said the old gentleman. ‘I have done my best, and said my say; and I’m a devilish old fellow. And—and—it don’t matter. And—and Shakspeare was right—and Cardinal Wolsey—begad—’ and had I but served my God as I’ve served you’—yes, on my knees, by Jove, to my own nephew—I mightn’t have been——Good night, sir, you needn’t trouble yourself to call again.’

“Arthur took his hand, which the old man left to him; it was quite passive and clammy. He looked very much oldened; and it seemed as if the contest and defeat had quite broken him.

“On the next day he kept his bed, and refused to see his nephew.”—Vol. II. pp. 317—320.

It must not be imagined, however, that there are not less elaborate sketches of character, furnishing a pleasing back-ground for Mr. Thackeray’s more ambitious efforts. Of these, one of our favourites is the French cook, Monsieur Alcide Mirobolant, who composes a dinner to the music of a cottage piano. The following may serve as a specimen :

#### COURTSHIP IN A DINNER.

“‘I declared myself to her,’ said Alcide, laying his hand on his heart, ‘in a manner which was as novel as I am charmed to think it was agreeable. Where cannot Love penetrate, respectable Madame Fribbsi? Cupid is the father of invention!—I inquired of the domestics what were the *plats* of which Mademoiselle partook with most pleasure; and built up my little battery accordingly. On a day when her parents had gone to dine in the world (and I am grieved to say that a grossier dinner at a restaurateur, in the Boulevard, or in the Palais Royal, seemed to form the delights of these unrefined persons), the charming Miss entertained some comrades of the pension; and I advised myself to send up a little repast suitable to so delicate young palates. Her lovely name is Blanche. The veil of the maiden is white; the wreath of roses which she wears is white. I determined that my dinner should be as spotless

as the snow. At her accustomed hour, and instead of the rude *gigot à l'eau*, which was ordinarily served at her too simple table, I sent her up a little *potage à la Reine*—à la Reine Blanche I called it,—as white as her own tint—and confectioned with the most fragrant cream and almonds. I then offered up at her shrine a *filet de merlan à l'Agnes*, and a delicate *plat*, which I have designated as *Eperlan à la Sainte-Thérèse*, and of which my charming Miss partook with pleasure. I followed this by two little *entrées* of sweet-bread and chicken; and the only brown thing which I permitted myself in the entertainment was a little roast of lamb, which I laid in a meadow of spinaches, surrounded with croustillons, representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies and other savage flowers. After this came my second service: a pudding à la Reine Elizabeth (who, Madame Fribbsbi knows, was a maiden princess); a dish of opal-coloured plover's eggs, which I called *Nid de tourteraux à la Roucoule*; placing in the midst of them two of those tender volatiles, billing each other, and confectioned with butter; a basket containing little *gateaux* of apricots, which, I know, all young ladies adore; and a jelly of marasquin, bland, insinuating, intoxicating as the glance of beauty. This I designated *Ambroisie de Calypso à la Souveraine de mon Cœur*. And when the ice was brought in—an ice of *plombière* and cherries—how do you think I had shaped them, Madame Fribbsbi? In the form of two hearts united with an arrow, on which I had laid, before it entered, a bridal veil in cut-paper, surmounted by a wreath of virginal orange-flowers. I stood at the door to watch the effect of this entry. It was but one cry of admiration. The three young ladies filled their glasses with the sparkling Ay, and carried me in a toast. I heard it—I heard Miss speak of me—I heard her say, 'Tell Monsieur Mirobolant that we thank him—we admire him—we love him!' My feet almost failed me as she spoke."—Vol. I. pp. 232, 233.

Miss Blanche Amory is a very important person in the novel; but we introduce her into our extracts for the sake of the reverend company in which she appears:

#### THE CONFESSIONAL IN ITS PRACTICAL EFFECTS.

"She was constant at church, of course. It was a pretty little church, of immense antiquity—a little Anglo-Norman *bijou*, built the day before yesterday, and decorated with all sorts of painted windows, carved saints' heads, gilt scripture texts, and open pews. Blanche began forthwith to work a most correct high-church altar-cover for the church. She passed for a saint with the clergyman for a while, whom she quite took in, and whom she coaxed, and wheedled, and fondled so artfully, that poor Mrs. Smirke, who at first was charmed with her, then bore with her, then would hardly speak to her, was almost mad with jealousy. Mrs. Smirke was the wife of our old friend Smirke, Pen's tutor and poor Helen's suitor. He had consoled himself for her refusal with a young lady from Clapham whom his mamma provided. When the latter died, our friend's views became every day more and more pronounced. He cut off his coat collar, and let his hair grow over his back. He rigorously gave up the curl which he used to sport on his forehead, and the tie of his neckcloth of which he was rather proud. He went without any tie at all. He went without dinner on Fridays. He read the Roman Hours, and intimated that he was ready to receive confessions in the vestry. The most harmless creature in the world, he was denounced as a black and most dangerous Jesuit and Papist, by Muffin of the Dissenting chapel, and Mr. Simeon Knight at the old church. Mr. Smirke had built his chapel of ease with the money left him by his mother at Clapham. Lord! lord! what would she have said to hear a table called an altar! to see candlesticks on it! to get letters signed on the Feast of Saint So-and-so, or the Vigil of Saint What-do-you-call-'em! All these things did the boy of Clapham practise; his faithful wife following him. But when Blanche had a conference of near two hours in the vestry with Mr. Smirke, Belinda paced up and down on the grass, where there were only two

little grave stones as yet; she wished that she had a third there: only, only he would offer very likely to that creature, who had infatuated him in a fortnight. No, she would retire; she would go into a convent, and profess and leave him. Such bad thoughts had Smirke's wife and his neighbours regarding him; these, thinking him in direct correspondence with the Bishop of Rome; that, bewailing errors to her even more odious and fatal; and yet our friend meant no earthly harm. The post-office never brought him any letters from the Pope; he thought Blanche, to be sure, at first, the most pious, gifted, right-thinking, fascinating person he had ever met; and her manner of singing the Chants delighted him—but after a while he began to grow rather tired of Miss Amory, her ways and graces grew stale somehow; then he was doubtful about Miss Amory; then she made a disturbance in his school, lost her temper, and rapped the children's fingers. Blanche inspired this admiration and satiety, somehow, in many men. She tried to please them, and flung out all her graces at once; came down to them with all her jewels on all her smiles, and cajoleries, and coaxings, and ogles. Then she grew tired of them and of trying to please them, and never having cared about them, dropped them: and the men grew tired of her, and dropped her too. It was a happy night for Belinda when Blanche went away; and her husband, with rather a blush and a sigh, said 'he had been deceived in her; he had thought her endowed with many precious gifts, he feared they were mere tinsel; he thought she had been a right-thinking person, he feared she had merely made religion an amusement—she certainly had quite lost her temper to the schoolmistress, and beat Polly Rucker's knuckles cruelly.' Belinda flew to his arms, there was no question about the grave or the veil any more. He tenderly embraced her on the forehead. 'There is none like thee, my Belinda,' he said, throwing his fine eyes up to the ceiling, 'precious among women!' As for Blanche, from the instant she lost sight of him and Belinda, she never thought or cared about either any more."—Vol. II. pp. 251—253.

Yet we should be doing Mr. Thackeray great injustice did we not present to the reader one of his graver passages. They occur every now and then, as if to vindicate for him the reputation of an honest and moral man, even with those persons who will not see a moral except it be drawn for them.

#### THE SADDUCEE.

"In these speculations and confessions of Arthur, the reader may perhaps see allusions to questions which, no doubt, have occupied and discomposed himself, and which he has answered by very different solutions to those come to by our friend. We are not pledging ourselves for the correctness of his opinions, which readers will please to consider are delivered dramatically, the writer being no more answerable for them, than for the sentiments uttered by any other character of the story: our endeavour is merely to follow out, in its progress, the development of the mind of a worldly and selfish, but not ungenerous or unkind or truth-avoiding man. And it will be seen that the lamentable stage to which his logic at present has brought him, is one of general scepticism and sneering acquiescence in the world as it is; or if you like so to call it, a belief qualified with scorn in all things extant. The tastes and habits of such a man prevent him from being a boisterous demagogue, and his love of truth and dislike of cant keep him from advancing crude propositions, such as many loud reformers are constantly ready with; much more of uttering downright falsehoods in arguing questions or abusing opponents, which he would die or starve rather than use. It was not in our friend's nature to be able to utter certain lies; nor was he strong enough to protest against others, except with a polite sneer; his maxim being, that he owed obedience to all Acts of Parliament, as long as they were not repealed.

"And to what does this easy and sceptical life lead a man? Friend Arthur was a Sadducee, and the Baptist might be in the Wilderness shouting to the

poor, who were listening with all their might and faith to the preacher's awful accents and denunciations of wrath or woe or salvation; and our friend the Sadducee would turn his sleek mule with a shrug and a smile from the crowd, and go home to the shade of his terrace, and muse over preacher and audience, and turn to his roll of Plato, or his pleasant Greek song-book babbling of honey and Hybla, and nymphs and fountains and love. To what, we say, does this scepticism lead? It leads a man to a shameful loneliness and selfishness, so to speak—the more shameful, because it is so good-humoured and conscienceless and serene. Conscience! What is conscience? Why accept remorse? What is public or private faith? Mythuses alike enveloped in enormous tradition. If seeing and acknowledging the lies of the world, Arthur, as see them you can with only too fatal a clearness, you submit to them without any protest farther than a laugh: if, plunged yourself in easy sensuality, you allow the whole wretched world to pass groaning by you unmoved: if the fight for the truth is taking place, and all men of honour are on the ground armed on the one side or the other, and you alone are to lie on your balcony and smoke your pipe out of the noise and the danger, you had better have died, or never have been at all, than such a sensual coward.

“The truth, friend!” Arthur said, imperturbably; ‘where is the truth? Show it me. That is the question between us. I see it on both sides. I see it in the Conservative side of the house, and amongst the Radicals, and even on the ministerial benches. I see it in this man who worships by Act of Parliament, and is rewarded with a silk apron and five thousand a-year; in that man, who, driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognised position of a leader, and passes over, truth-impelled, to the enemy, in whose ranks he will serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier:—I see the truth in that man, as I do in his brother, whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavours to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares, with tearful eyes, and hands up to heaven, his revolt and recantation. If the truth is with all these, why should I take side with any one of them? Some are called upon to preach: let them preach. Of these preachers there are somewhat too many, methinks, who fancy they have the gift. But we cannot all be parsons in church, that is clear. Some must sit silent and listen, or go to sleep mayhap. Have we not all our duties? The head charity-boy blows the bellows; the master canes the other boys in the organ-loft; the clerk sings out Amen from the desk; and the beadle with the staff opens the door for his Reverence, who rustles in silk up to the cushion. I won’t cane the boys, nay, or say Amen always, or act as the church’s champion and warrior, in the shape of the beadle with the staff; but I will take off my hat in the place, and say my prayers there too, and shake hands with the clergyman as he steps on the grass outside. Don’t I know that his being there is a compromise, and that he stands before me an Act of Parliament? That the church he occupies was built for other worship? That the Methodist chapel is next door; and that Bunyan the tinker is bawling out the tidings of damnation on the common hard by? Yes, I am a Sadducee; and I take things as I find them, and the world, and the Acts of Parliament of the world, as they are; and as I intend to take a wife, if I find one—not to be madly in love and prostrate at her feet like a fool—not to worship her as an angel, or to expect to find her as such—but to be good-natured to her, and courteous, expecting good-nature and pleasant society from her in turn. And so, George, if ever you hear of my marrying, depend on it, it won’t be a romantic attachment on my side: and if you hear of any good place under Government, I have no particular scruples that I know of, which would prevent me from accepting your offer.’

“O Pen, you scoundrel! I know what you mean,’ here Warrington broke out. ‘This is the meaning of your scepticism, of your quietism, of your athe-

ism, my poor fellow. You're going to sell yourself, and Heaven help you! You are going to make a bargain which will degrade you and make you miserable for life, and there's no use talking of it. If you are once bent on it, the devil won't prevent you.'

"'On the contrary, he's on my side, isn't he, George?' said Pen with a laugh."—Vol. II. pp. 236—238.

We have advisedly refrained from entering into the plot of *Pendennis*. While sufficiently complex, it is, nevertheless, obscure and rambling. The reader cannot help suspecting that the story has been written, month by month, as demanded by the printers; and that when he got to the middle of it, he and his author were equally ignorant of the manner of its end. Let Mr. Thackeray succeed in attaining a greater degree of constructive talent, and he may be the first of English novelists. C.

#### LEIBNITZ' MODEL PRAYER.

"It is about fifteen years," wrote Leibnitz, in 1686, "since I one day went to visit Arnaud, in his house in the Faubourg St. Marceau. He had collected together four or six of the chiefs of his party, among them Messieurs Nicole and St. Amand, for the purpose, as I suppose, of introducing me to their acquaintance. In the course of the interview, I was led to speak of a short prayer, about the length of that by our Lord, which comprehended, in excellent order, everything that could be desired. It was as follows: 'O, only living, eternal, almighty, omniscient and omnipresent God! the only living, true and supreme God! I, thy poor creature,—I believe and I hope in thee, I love thee above all, I adore thee, I praise thee, I thank thee, and I give myself up to thee. Forgive me my sins; and grant unto me this day, as to all men, whatever according to thy will is conducive both to our temporal and our eternal welfare; and preserve us from all evil. Amen.' As soon as Arnaud heard this, he cried out, as we were all sitting together in a circle, 'That is good for nothing; there is no mention of our Lord Jesus Christ in it.' For the moment I was a little startled by so severe and unexpected a criticism. Nevertheless, preserving my presence of mind, I immediately replied, 'For this reason must also our Lord's Prayer, and all the petitions which occur in the Acts and Epistles of the Apostles, and especially that of St. Peter, offered on the occasion of the election of a successor to the apostle Judas, be good for nothing; for in these prayers no mention is made of Christ or of the Trinity.' Thereupon my good fellow was thrown into confusion, and we went out for a moment to take breath."—*Life of Leibnitz, by Mackie*, pp. 67, 68.

#### A HINT TO MORBID ANTI-SECTARIANISM.

WHEN a man complains of winds of doctrine, who is to blame, he or the winds? Things easily moveable may be driven about, not because the winds are so strong, but because themselves are so light. *Some men are as spiritual invalids; we must kindly grant them allowance. But their weakness must not limit the useful and necessary exercise of other men's liberty.* We may so shrink from wind that we may become afraid of air. And often, by application of rules based on our own natural or imposed necessities, we may afflict the constitution of those under our control with dangerous sickness, or bring upon them a most insalutary dread of exposure. The mind needs air of thought and wind of inquiry to keep all its chambers pure and sweet, and its powers vigorous.—*T. Lynch*.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Sermons and Lectures at Belfast.*

WE have the pleasant duty of acknowledging a copious importation of *Sermons and Lectures for the Times* from our Unitarian friends in Ireland. The first, entitled "What is Popery?" was recently preached at Belfast before the Unitarian Society by Mr. Alexander, of Newry. He finds the essence of Popery to consist in, 1, priestly claims, and, 2, damnable creeds. He tracks and condemns these Popish elements in other churches besides that of Rome. Mr. Alexander hits with much exactness the blots in the Church of England. After speaking of the compromise between Protestantism and Popery on which the Church of England is built, he thus describes the composition of the Book of Common Prayer:

"The Protestant contribution is to be found chiefly in the Articles and Homilies, the other in the Liturgy and Canons. The Protestant party put in, Right of Private Judgment, Sufficiency of Scripture and Justification by faith; the other put in or retained, Church Authority to interpret Scripture, Divine Right of Episcopacy and Apostolical Succession, a gentle hint of Tradition, Surplices, Consecrations, Baptismal Regeneration, Priestly Absolution in the smallest quantity, and the Athanasian Creed in all its glorious self-contradictions and unmitigated malignity. And so these two discordant elements thus joined together, not of God, but of expediency, one of the gods of this world, have lain uneasily side by side ever since. The people and clergy were called on to receive the result as a whole; but naturally, indeed inevitably, ever since have taken whichever element seemed to them the truth; and so it comes to pass that Evangelical, Calvinist and Arminian, High Church and Low Church, Tractarian and Protestant, have, when accused of departure from their standards, been able to defend themselves and retort the charge. This state of things has not been all evil. It has given considerable practical liberty of opinion. Perhaps if there are to be authoritative creeds they should be of this kind. The difficulty, however, is, each has to sign the whole. Paley, however, says that they are not articles of belief, but articles of peace, and the Tractarians take them in a non-natural sense.

"Certain it is, there never was a church that presented such varying aspects. A school of the truest liberality, and one of the sternest bigotry; weak enthusiasts and men of the purest and loftiest piety; men who value their church as the fountain of their holiest thoughts, and men to whom she is but the great Diana of their political worship. It has always depended on the temper of the times, and the tendencies of a few leading and energetic men, which element has most prevailed. Until lately the Evangelical party was the strongest. From the Revolution to the end of the last century, it was Latitudinarian."—Pp. 10, 11.

Mr. Alexander gives a very correct account of the spiritual districts of England in which the infection of Popery has recently spread.

"This growth of Romanism has not been among the ignorant and poor, liable, you would say, at all times to be imposed upon by high pretensions, but among the nobility and clergy, among the cultivated and learned; not in hamlets and cottages, but in Colleges and Universities; not among weak enthusiasts only, whose narrow intellects leave them the prey of whatever their excited feelings and cravings for novelty demand, but among men of strong, acute, cultivated minds, who know perfectly well what they are about, have measured, better than we can do, the way that lies before them, and see better than we can whither it leads. Who are they? Brothers of Bishops, and Chaplains of Bishops—Bishops themselves, more than suspected—sons and daughters of the nobility—men of estate and dignity—Professors in Colleges—Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Schoolmasters."—Pp. 4, 5.

In the conflict raging between the two churches, Mr. Alexander truly says, "our position is not such as to call upon us to take any part." After a statement of the exertions made by Unitarians in behalf of the religious liberty of Roman Catholics, he properly adds,

"As long as Roman Catholics were deprived of their civil rights, we could not ask for ourselves what we denied to them; but if, having gained equality, they ever aspire to more, and so far as their church shows herself the enemy of education or spiritual liberty, and therefore of human progress, and manifests an intolerant spirit, then as far as our weak voice can be heard, or our small band avail, we shall be found in these respects her hearty, frank opponents.

"But, it may be said, these are the principles of that church, and we should not be severe on her for acting and speaking consistently. Is it then only necessary for a church to be *intolerant enough* to escape the censure intolerance deserves? I trow not."—P. 6.

We recommend the whole sermon as judicious and able. The second discourse, by the same author, on the same occasion, is entitled "Christ our Life." It contains many interesting thoughts, some of them expressed with considerable eloquence, on the manner in which Christians have practically separated themselves from Christ.

Mr. Alexander is also the author of the fourth "Lecture for the Times," delivered in the Music Hall of Belfast, in which he inquires "What grounds there are for any alarm as to the progress of the Roman Catholic religion, and what are the effective and legitimate means within our reach to stay its progress?" He admits that there are grounds for alarm in the zeal, courage and confidence of the Catholic party,—in the ignorance and credulity of masses of Protestants,—in the priestly element of the Church of England,—in the leaning to mere authority manifested by nearly all Protestant churches,—and in their exclusion of reason from the province of religion. At the same time Mr. Alexander admits that it is not by legal enactment that his fears will be removed: he pleads for the religious liberty of the Roman Catholics still; he would leave them at liberty to convert us all, *if they can*. The only way to meet the Papist is by a free and consistent Protestantism. There is much truth and force in our author's remark on the improbability of a revision of the Prayer-book.

"As a Christian and Protestant, I would (*should*) rejoice—not that any probable revision would enable us to conform, for the sufficient reason that their sincere belief is not our sincere belief—but that the palpable sight before men's eyes of such a body as that of the House of Commons altering or confirming the alteration of the Prayer-book, and thus deciding by vote what the National Church was henceforth to be, to do and to believe, could not but throw men back upon their own convictions, compel the exercise of private judgment, and give a fatal blow to that principle of Church authority in religion, and weaken that feeling of obedience, which, as I have said, is one of Rome's great allies at the present time. But Churches are instinctively sensitive to anything that would weaken the prestige of their formularies and creeds. They know how much of their influence depends on the obscurity which the lapse of even three hundred years envelops their origin, and they wisely shrink from a revision that would expose that origin to vulgar gaze. The Prayer-book, though on all hands we are told, even by clergymen, that there are things in it which they do not believe, yet read and sign—the Prayer-book will not be revised."—P. 16.

We cannot quit Mr. Alexander's several contributions to this important discussion without expressing our obligations to him for the manly vigour with which he has in each of them upheld Scripture truth and the rights of conscience.

The second lecture at the Music Hall, on Puseyism, was delivered by Rev. John Porter. By a series of extracts very judiciously selected from the Oxford Tracts and the British Critic, he develops the principles of the Tractarian theology and its essentially Romish character, and he then, with considerable skill, shews how the Puseyite defends himself behind the entrenchments of the Book of Common Prayer. We rejoice to observe that Mr. Porter, in common with most of his Unitarian brethren on both sides the Irish Channel, scouts the idea of the re-enactment of penal statutes as a preventive of the diffusion of Popery. The measures which he recommends for

the cure of Puseyism are, a revival of the Prayer-book, the abolition of saints' days, the putting away of two of the three self-contradictory creeds of the Church of England, and a revision of the Thirty-nine Articles. "If something like this were effected, and the Book of Common Prayer purged of its Popery, Puseyism would speedily decline, and the Established Church of England assume its proper place and character, as the bulwark of the Reformation, the pride and glory of the land."—P. 15.

The third lecture was preached by Dr. Ledlie, on the Religious Signs of the Times. He takes an extensive view, looking to the past history as well as the present state of the Churches of Rome and England. He gives a very unfavourable view of the tendency of the Roman Catholic faith, and expresses an opinion not much more favourable to the Church of England, but is satisfied we have little to fear, in the present state of civilization and freedom of thought and expression of opinion, from the increase of Popery.

Mr. M'Alister preached the fifth lecture. He does not think the Roman Catholics unchanged, whatever pretensions of infallibility and unchangeableness may be put forth by their Church. Nor does he think religious liberty owes much, if anything, to the Protestant Established Church. He surveys without alarm or dismay the symptoms of a not distant fall of the Church of England, and does not anticipate the re-erection on its ruins of the Church of Rome. He fears more the spread of infidelity than that of superstition, and believes that the system of faith and worship received and practised amongst Unitarians is better calculated than any other to stem the tide of scepticism. If it were not that the scope and tenor of the other parts of his lecture correct any possible mistake on this subject, we should be disposed to remark that Mr. M'Alister, in pp. 7—9, has too strongly expressed his disapprobation of controversy. Protestants may have done battle against Roman Catholic error in a wrong spirit and in an inconsistent and ineffective manner; but unless he is prepared to submit to the spiritual assumptions of that and other churches, no choice is left him as a soldier of Christ but to engage in the controversy. He may prefer exhibiting the true spirit of Christianity to encountering dogma by dogma. If he be faithful to the light and earnest for the faith of his heart, whatever it may be, no consistent Protestant will blame him for the choice of his weapons.

The last of the lectures now before us was delivered by Rev. John Scott Porter. While he manfully contends for the right of the Roman Catholic Church to make its own ecclesiastical arrangements, he rebukes with no little spirit the bigotry, and ridicules happily enough the bombast, of the Pope. Mr. Porter expresses calmly his disapprobation of the measure recently introduced into Parliament to repress the Papal aggression. Recurring to the letter of Lord John Russell to the Bishop of Durham, he points out where the inconsistency lies between that letter and the Bill now in Parliament. The Bill is "a retaliation for insult, not a precaution against danger." In the Durham letter, Puseyism and the acts of the Tractarian clergy were pointed out as the source of danger. Mr. Porter thus comments on this matter:

"When first I read these memorable words, I fully expected that Lord John Russell would propose a bill to Parliament for repealing those portions of the services of the Church of England which not only countenance, *but expressly enjoin*, some of those practices which he thus denounces. I thought he must have made up his mind to introduce a law for abolishing the days which are required by the Book of Common Prayer to be kept and observed as holydays, in commemoration and honour of 'Our Lady' and certain saints; for repealing that part of the Twentieth Article, which declares that 'the church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith'; for expunging that portion of the baptismal service which compels the clergy, '*superstitiously*,' as most of themselves believe, to sign the infant with the sign of the cross; for doing away with that part of the communion service, in which the minister is required to exhort any of the hearers, whose conscience is troubled, to come to himself or some other minister, and open his grief, 'that he may re-

*ceive the benefit of absolution;* for abrogating the 113th canon of 1603, which declares it to be '*nefas*,' a heinous guilt in a clergyman to reveal matters made known to him in private confession, unless the crime confessed be capital by the laws of England; as also the canons imposing '*penances*' on certain crimes, and allowing the same to be *commuted for money*; together with the *absolution, after special confession*, to which the sick person is to be '*moved*,' in the form for the Visitation of the Sick. I have no doubt his lordship would have been very glad to introduce a bill for these objects; but, alas! he feels that the anti-protestant party in the Church of England is too powerful to be meddled with. Some of the clergy of the diocese of Oxford, when they met under the presidency of their diocesan to address the Queen upon the '*papal aggression*,' were very desirous of having some reference to the matters of which Lord John Russell speaks introduced into their address; but the bishop declared that anything of that sort, any reference to Puseyism, would disturb their harmony, and render co-operation impossible; and so *the thing was quashed*. The laity of the archdiocese of Canterbury appealed to their diocesan to endeavour to carry some amendment of the law which would remove from their liturgy those portions on which the Romanizing clergy relied as sanctioning their popish usages; but his Grace replied that the recent occurrences had removed the prospect of a reform in the Book of Common Prayer '*to a greater distance than ever*!' That is, I suppose, has sent it somewhere beyond the orbit of the new planet, Neptune, for it never was much nearer: and he adds, by way of consolation, that they must be well aware that the things of which they complain had *always* been matter of regret to pious and conscientious members of the church. Most persons would think this a very strong, if not a sufficient, reason for altering these things; but the case appears quite different to an archiepiscopal understanding.

"We see from this that the government and the bishops are far more concerned for what may be called the unity of the church than for its purity. Be the Puseyites right or be they wrong, they are not to be interfered with. Be their doctrines favourable to Popery or Protestantism, they shall not be placed under any disadvantage in the Church of England. The danger which '*alarms*' Lord John Russell '*much more than any aggression of a foreign sovereign*,' is that proceeding from a party in the church itself; but that party is too powerful to be disturbed. The only measure which is proposed to meet the emergency is one of which the Puseyite bishops and clergy will most cordially approve; since it merely enacts that the Right Rev. Charles James Blomfield, and not the Most Rev. Nicholas Wiseman, is the person who shall have, by law, a right to denounce the other, and us, as schismatics: a right by law to ignore the existence of all churches but his own. This will please the Anglo-Catholics, and no doubt irritate the Roman Catholics; but what *real good* it will effect remains to be seen."—Pp. 14, 15.

We might, from each of the lectures before us, select several other passages well worthy of our readers' notice, but our space is limited. The whole series of discourses is most creditable to the zeal and ability of our Irish brethren. Not all evil is an agitation which has produced such excellent defences of truth and religious liberty,—defences received, we believe, by very large audiences with unequivocal signs of interest and satisfaction.

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*The History of Religion. A Rational Account of the True Religion. By John Evelyn, Author of Sylva, &c. Now first published, by Permission of W. J. Evelyn, Esq., M.P., from the Original MS. in the Library at Wotton. Edited, with Notes, by Rev. R. M. Evanson, B.A., Rector of Lansoy, Monmouthshire. In Two Volumes. Crown 8vo. London—Colburn. 1850.*

THIS work, written nearly two centuries ago by the pious and accomplished John Evelyn, will scarcely add to his literary reputation. It certainly does not increase our store of theological information. It is, in fact, a digest of the author's reading and reflection on the evidences and doctrines of religion, the controversial portion of the volumes being conceived in a strong Protestant and Church-of-England spirit. There is much force in the arguments adduced against the Romish system, and there is an almost Romish dogmatism and

feebleness of argument in the enunciation and defence of the Athanasian mysteries received by the Church of England. Yet, in spite of this, there are some indications, even in the controversial portions of the work, of the author's just principles and kind temper, and his natural abhorrence of religious persecution. It would be very easy to select passages deliciously inconsistent; but this is the inevitable result of that jumble of Protestantism and Romanism, Arminianism and Calvinism, on which the Church of England rests. We shall not weary our readers or ourselves by any analysis or minute criticism of this work, but shall simply select a few passages as specimens of the author's style and spirit:

"*Faustus Socinus* (our modern Arian as well as Pelagian) was a witty Italian, who affirmed men to have been naturally mortal before the Fall, having no original righteousness; that the light of nature imparted no knowledge of God; that man having no original sin could fulfil the Law; that God has no prescience of contingencies determinatively, or of man's free actions; that the causes of predestination are in ourselves and may be frustrated; that God, without any satisfaction, might with justice have pardoned sin; that Christ did not satisfy for them, but only as an extraordinarily just and virtuous person, not as God, but by his patience, submission, piety and excellent example, obtained faculty for us to satisfy for ourselves, by faith and obedience; that Christ died for himself, and for the mortality and infirmity of our nature; that eternal death is only a continuance in death, or rather annihilation, which is all that is meant by hell; that Satan was created evil, and so he renders God the author of all sin; that nothing is to be believed, save what is evident both to sense and reason; and therefore they reject the Trinity, holding that the Holy Ghost is not really God, but a certain virtue and quality; and were therefore of old called anti-Trinitarians, denying the eternal generation of our blessed Saviour. In a word, that Christ is not God, question His incarnation, yet worship Him and become idolaters.

"They also deny the resurrection of the same body, and turn the whole mystery of Christ into metaphor and figure, as when He is called a Priest, a Justifier, &c.; they say He was the image only of a Priest, and not a Saviour by His own power, nor in a true sense offered for us, but in shadow; and therefore did not bear our guilt, rejecting the doctrine of satisfaction, further than that He was an extraordinary person, whose piety, singular virtues and passion, were meritorious and of Divine power, and for which and His sufferings in maintaining His religion, He is thus exalted. \* \* \* In the mean time, none have more successfully proved the verity of the Christian faith than the Socinians, especially Placcus, and are in some of their writings excellent Textuaries. Against the Socinians, especially in what concerns the satisfaction of Christ, Grotius has most incomparably written, Junius, our Bishop Pearson, Dr. Tillotson and many others."—Pp. 248—250.

A careful comparison of this statement with the summary of the opinions of the Polish Socinians, as given, for instance, by Dr. Rees in the Introduction to the Racovian Catechism, will disclose two or three errors into which Mr. Evelyn was led by that habit, so seductive to theologians, of confounding with the opinions of their opponents, their own conclusions from them. It was no opinion of Socinus that nothing is to be believed but what is evident to sense and reason. His rejection of the Trinity was on the ground of scripture evidence rather than natural reason.

The most disappointing portion of these two volumes is that in which Mr. Evelyn professes to describe the heresies which sprung up and prevailed in his own days. His descriptions are not merely brief and imperfect, but they are grossly incorrect,—the peculiarities of an individual being in some cases assigned without any authority to a whole sect; and the characteristics of two or more sects holding some opinions in common, being jumbled together and set forth as peculiar to one. Any one slightly acquainted with the writings and history of the early Independents, will detect the errors of the following description of them:

"*Independents*, who consist of certain peculiar assemblies or gathered congregations, and these being of a select number, meeting privately, renounce all

ceremony, rites and polity, or indeed learning, as wholly unnecessary in the ministry, so that any private man may exercise the spiritual function, with power of church censure, and other offices. And in some of their meetings their women determine ecclesiastical causes, and excommunicate, private persons administering the Holy Sacrament. The magistrate marries and may pronounce divorces, which they do on slight occasions. Whilst thus they would avoid all superstition, they are much affected to giving only scripture names to all their children, especially Old-Testament ones. In preaching, seldom use they text or connection, but miserably ramble both in prayer and sermons, which they extend to an exceeding length, uttered with strange familiar expressions. Nor is this exercise confined to any one; but they bid the Psalms, pray, preach, yelp, according as any of the assembly finds himself stirred by the Spirit, and when any one prophesies, another examines his doctrine. They confer baptism only on the children of their own assembly, and communicate with no reformed church. Nor use they any prayer preparative at the Eucharist, but receive the elements, sitting at the Table, and are covered, or rather indeed have no Table, as it happens, to avoid (as pretended) superstition. Nor compel they any in matters of religion and worship; nor call they anything by the vulgar name in common conversation, using the first, second, third, &c., day, instead of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, &c., and the like of the months. This sect they held to be the beginning of the kingdom of Christ, which is to last on earth a thousand years; affecting singularity, their word in ordinary discourse is *yea, nay*."—Pp. 263, 264.

Let any one compare this account with the opinions of Robinson, or any one of the more eminent early Independents, as given by Hanbury in his Historical Memorials, and he will see at once that it is far from being a true picture.

Mr. Evelyn describes the doctrine of the Quakers as "a mixture of all heresies." This is, indeed, his recipe for making up a heretic of any name or kind. He adds (p. 265), "They deny the Divinity of Christ."

Had Mr. Evelyn been in the habit, like his energetic pastor in the days of persecution, Mr., afterwards Bishop Gunning,\* of confronting and arguing with the heretics of his age, he would have been able to draw their portraits with more exactness, truth and individuality. We must not put aside these volumes without stating that there are many things in them which are true, important and ably stated. We must quote a passage, in conclusion, which our readers will see is worthy of a Christian and a Protestant:

"Heresy is not *every* difference of opinion. The word in Scripture is used in a different sense, &c. \* \* \* None among Christians were persecuted for their bare opinions, during the first three hundred years after Christ, who came to plant the Gospel of Peace and Charity; nor ought those to be whose lives are innocent, though doctrine erroneous, since their error is to be accounted their misery, rather than their crime. And it is possible one may maintain an opinion damnable in itself, though not so to him who is ignorant of its malignity, and is (as we said) led into it invincibly (*innocently?*). But then, indeed, his opinion shall burn, and the rubbish it was erected on, according to the Apostle (1 Cor. iii. 12—15). The mischief of the Church does not proceed from this, that men are not all of one mind (which is impossible), but that every opinion is an Article of Faith, and every Article the ground of a bloody quarrel, and every

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\* In the curious memoir of Gunning given by Anthony Wood (*Ath. Oxon.* IV. 140), it is stated, "He would on the week-days look out all sorts of sectaries and dispute with them openly in their own congregations. Nor was there any considerable sect, whether Presbyterian, Anabaptist, Quaker, Brownist, Socinian, &c., but that he held with them some time or other a set public disputation in defence of the Church of England." When Biddle had gathered a Unitarian congregation, which in the days of the Commonwealth met in some part of St. Paul's cathedral, Gunning went to hear and laboured to refute him. To the honour of this fearless and zealous son of the Church of England let it be added, he was the only divine of eminence who, when Biddle was incarcerated, visited him. "None of the assembly durst venture near him, either out of charity or to convince him of his errors. Gunning, however, had several friendly conferences with him."

quarrel of a faction (Bishop Taylor). While a holy and pious life will render our belief holy, if we consult not interest in our choice, but search the Truth, without other design than the getting to Heaven, and then to be as careful to preserve charity as we were to get a point of Faith, which, if true, is kept with the least trouble of any grace."—Vol. II, pp. 308, 309.

The persecutions which the Church of England endured in the time of the Commonwealth, doubtless gave to Mr. Evelyn, as well as to his friend, the author of "The Liberty of Prophecy," a strong perception of the value of religious liberty, and the folly of treating every new opinion as heresy. The consistency of Mr. Evelyn, in his staunch adherence to the "Church of his Baptism" in her darkest hour, is one of the many interesting and commendable features of his character, and gives a kind of value to this digest of his opinions, which was commenced in 1657, shortly after the great change by which, in Mr. Evelyn's own language, "the parish churches were filled with sectaries of all sorts, and, so sharp was the persecution, the Church of England was reduced to a chamber and conventicle."

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*Report presented at the Fourteenth Annual General Meeting of the Liverpool Domestic Mission Society, by their Minister to the Poor. London—E. T. Whitfield.*

MR. BISHOP'S three years' experience as a Minister to the Poor has evidently added greatly to his skill and success in the important but laborious and difficult branch of pastoral duty to which he has devoted himself. We have never read a document of greater interest than the Report before us. It gives us the result, condensed with equal wisdom and benevolence, of probably more than 30,000 visits to the dwellings of the poor of Liverpool. We select a few passages, which will illustrate the importance of Mr. Bishop's office, and the judicious way in which he is discharging its duties.

#### THE PENITENT CONVICT.

"A few months since a young man of nineteen called upon me to ask my advice. He had come direct from the Borough prison, where he had been suffering for a robbery on his former employer. After hearing his statement, I asked him why he had not gone to his home? 'Oh!' was his reply, 'that's the place I want to be saved from, Sir: if I go home my ruin is certain.' There was something quite touching in such an appeal, and on inquiry I found that his account was too true,—that the place which, of all others on earth, ought to be the safeguard of the young, and the sanctuary to which the awakened wanderer would first turn his steps, was, in this case, the very place which the repentant youth was bound to shun, with a dread proportionate to the strength of his desire to lead a better life. There was every appearance of sincerity on the part of the young man; but it is a work of tremendous difficulty for a convicted criminal to retrieve his character. It was, on many accounts, advisable that he should leave Liverpool, and I endeavoured to get him employment in the neighbourhood of Manchester; but, though warmly aided by Mr. Thomas Wright, 'the prisoner's friend'—to whom I introduced him, and whose kind and sympathizing words gave the young man support and hope in his repeated difficulties,—I was unable to succeed. Employers were afraid to introduce amongst their work-people and into their premises a 'convicted felon;' and after repeated attempts and failures to get work in this country, he is just about to proceed to America, his passage money having been kindly paid by a friend whose name I do not feel at liberty to mention, to whom I have often been indebted for valuable and timely help. I have given him a letter of introduction to one of the Ministers at large in that country, and I hope and believe that there, far from his home and parents, and out of the reach of his former evil associates, he will prove the sincerity of his repentance—which indeed has had a severe test during the last three months—and carve out for himself a useful and honourable career."\*—Pp. 9, 10.

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\* "Since the above was written, the young man has sailed; but two days after he left the docks, I received a letter from him written on board the vessel whilst

## RELIGION OF THE POOR.

"I can truly say, notwithstanding the mass of vice and guilty sorrow I am called upon daily to contemplate, I never realized so vividly the power, the reality, and the priceless worth of religion, as since I have had such opportunities of seeing it exemplified amongst the poor. In the dreary dwellings of some of our courts, in the cold and cheerless apartments which are found in many of our lodging-houses, in garrets through which the rain of Heaven drips, and in cellars in which living men seem to be trying how nearly the abodes of life may be brought to resemble the chambers of the dead: in these dark places of our world I have seen, though I own too rarely, most striking examples of beautiful faith, and holy patience, and christian virtue. I have heard in them the voices of trust and prayer; I have seen in them resignation to the Divine will in its most affecting and unobtrusive form. I have heard words that might have been repeated by the lips of angels, and with a deeper meaning than ever has the saying of the Saviour come to my remembrance, 'The Kingdom of God is within you.' It is in such scenes that every feeling akin to despair finds a lasting rebuke, and the languishing fires of hope are kindled into an undying flame." \* Pp. 15, 16.

## THE POPISH CONTROVERSY IN HOVELS.

"The recent excitement on the 'Papal aggression' has reached the abodes of some of the poorest classes in our town, especially amongst the Irish, and left its melancholy effects in the interrupted peace and broken unity of many a home. This is not the place to offer any opinion on the cause of the agitation, but I must be allowed to express my deep regret at the consequences which it has produced. In proportion to the imperfect state of men's religious characters will their passions be aroused in attacking the opinions of others, or in hearing

lying in the river, stating that an accident had occurred which, for a time, threatened to be fatal. Owing to one of the signal lamps having burst, a fire had broken out in the cabin which, for twenty minutes, threatened the destruction of the vessel and all on board. He described the cries of the passengers, chiefly poor Irish, as having been quite terrifying; but happily the fire was extinguished, after having done only so much damage as two days would suffice to repair."

\* "The simple naturalness with which the highest christian hopes are sometimes uttered by the poor is very affecting. I was one day sitting by the bedside of a dying man in the Infirmary of the West Derby Union. His wife and a friend, who had for many years been a near neighbour to them before they had been obliged to move to the Union, were also there. The latter, having to leave, rose from her chair, and, taking the dying man's hand, said:—'Good bye, Joe—good bye—but not for ever—we shall meet again in Heaven!' Here her emotions overcame her, and she burst into tears, the wife following her example; when the poor man said to them, in the tenderest way, 'Don't fret—don't fret! (and taking up the words of the friend) 'tish't for ever—we *shall* meet again.' Shortly after this he wished to receive the Lord's Supper, as a token of his love to Jesus, and in the course of the night he died.

"Sometimes I hear the most important laws of our moral nature set forth, as if by intuition, in a very terse and expressive form. I was one day giving an account, to a party of persons in a house where I had called, of Mr. Ellis's plans in Connemara to elevate the condition of the people in that wild and starving district. And when I said that such was his trust in the honesty of the people that he had no bolts or bars to his house, one of the party exclaimed:—'Ah! that would make the bad good!' 'Yes!' said another, 'He don't think ill of them you see, and they don't do ill to him.'

"Expressions of religious faith are sometimes uttered in the depth of feeling by the the poor, unconsciously to themselves, in a very beautiful and even poetic form. One boisterous day in November I called at the house of a poor woman who has a son at sea. When he was at home, some time ago, he gave his mother trouble, and for a time they were at variance. As the wind whistled round the house, she exclaimed to me—'Oh! I can't be off thinking o' that boy of mine, Mr. Bishop, but,' recollecting herself she added, 'but *God is as strong upon the waters as upon the land*. What would the likes o' me do but for that?' Here the windows rattled again from the storm, and she cried out with intense feeling—'Oh! the wind *is* a blowing—God preserve my boy!'

their own attacked; and amongst many of the poor and ignorant the recent movement has evoked a bitterness of feeling, and a strength of antipathy, which it will take a long time, I fear, to eradicate and subdue. The public papers have told of the two drunken men who, in the course of a quarrel on the subject, whilst confined in one of our bridewells, tore each other with the ferocity of wild beasts; they have also recorded the case of the Catholic wife burning her Protestant husband's Bible, in resentment of personal ill-usage which he had just inflicted on her; and I have myself heard women as well as men, on both sides, venting their excited feelings in profane cursing and swearing, and have known of the matter being the cause of contention, even in the resorts of the most degraded and abandoned of the female sex. One morning I entered a house in a court in Jamaica-street, and saw a drunken man sitting over the fire, belching out curses against the Pope, and boasting of what he had heard a popular clergyman say, whom he described familiarly by his 'Christian' name, at a meeting on the previous evening; and on another occasion I saw a wild-looking fellow throwing up his cap, in defiance of the Pope's opponents, and vowing that he was ready to 'die for his religion.' These noisy and disgusting ebullitions will soon, perhaps, subside, but a deeper feeling has, I fear, been produced which will not be so readily effaced. At the first outbreak of the excitement many worthy but ill-informed persons were sorely perplexed and not a little alarmed.

—————" 'Twas in truth an hour  
Of universal ferment; mildest men  
Were agitated; and commotions, strife  
Of passion and opinion, filled the walls  
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.  
The soil of common life was, at that time,  
Too hot to tread upon.'

"In the cellar of a cobbler I one day found a party assembled, to whom the master of the apartment had been reading from some vehement Protestant tract. There was quite an excitement amongst them, and the wife of the cobbler, pale and agitated, asked me if I really thought the fires of Smithfield were likely to be lighted again, and Protestants once more burnt for their religion.

"On another occasion, in a Roman Catholic neighbourhood, I met with a party debating the subject, when one of the most aged appealed to me, in very serious tones, as follows:—

" 'They tell us, Mr. Bishop, that we shall all have to lave this counthry, or be kil't!'

" 'Do you really think, Mrs. S——,' I replied, 'the Protestants are capable of cherishing such a wicked purpose?'

" 'Faith, yer Riv'rince, and I hope not, for their own poor sows' sake; and if they were all as plasin in their spache as yerself, it isn't me that would think that bad o' them, but there's a many o' them wid *dirty* tongues in their heads.'

" 'Troth ye are right there, Mrs. S.' said another, 'and the passons, savin yer Riv'rince's presence, are wus than the poor folk.'

"I told them that people on both sides were angry and excited, and therefore said, as all angry people do, more than they thought. Here another woman, thinking no doubt to gratify me, remarked that she didn't believe the Protestants would hurt them 'at all, at all.' 'I have lived with them,' she continued, 'and always found them more religious than the Catholics, for when there was thunder and lightning, or anything o' that kind, I always saw them afeard o' that!'

" 'Aye,' said an old man, 'and where would you find a better man than good Bishop Trench' (a former Protestant bishop of Tuam, I believe); he *was* a friend to the poor, and always *clothed them inside and out!*'

"I endeavoured to turn this and all similar conversations to good account, by enforcing the practical nature of religion, and by reminding the people that in quarrelling with, or cherishing ill-will towards, their neighbours, whether they called themselves Catholics or Protestants, they forgot their *Christianity*. The poor Irish have always been too prone to carry their politico-religious antipathies to the most absurd and injurious extreme; but previous to this recent revival of the 'No-Popery' cry a manifest improvement was going on. Polemic agitators were losing their influence, and party organizations were on the wane. The ferocity of faction and the blind hatred of bigotry were yielding to more

humane and reasonable feelings. Catholics and Protestants would not only live in the same courts, but even under the same roof, and I have myself been ministering to a sick Protestant in an upper room, whilst in the room immediately below a Roman Catholic clergyman has been in attendance on a dying member of his church; but such things cannot now be; the smouldering fires of strife have been rekindled; party-cries that were nearly forgotten have been raised again with greater vigour than ever; passions that have nothing to do with religion are taking up her colours, and professing her name; and pure indeed must that man's character be, and deeply imbued with the spirit of Christ, who, amid the storm that is shaking all around him, can remain unshaken; who can pass insults without regard and injuries without revenge; and be bent, even amid the tumult and whirlwind of low and vindictive passions, upon hushing his own soul with the peace and purity of prayer, and putting down the first risings of every feeling that would lead, in word or act, to bitterness and wrong. Such characters there are, but they are few and far between. The opposite feeling and conduct are, as might be expected, far more common. I have known the brother and sister-in-law to be driven by their relatives from the house in which they had all lived unitedly and with mutual advantage, because of this unseemly warfare; and, in several cases, I have seen homes rent asunder and families made wretched, owing to the theological differences of husband and wife. Mixed marriages of this kind are more frequent amongst the poor than with the other classes of society, and when the Protestant husbands of Catholic wives hear such marriages publicly denounced by those to whom they look up as guides and leaders, it is not difficult to understand how a perverted sense of duty might lead them to seek to drive 'anti-Christ' from their hearths and homes, by coercing their partners into a galling and unreal conformity. In the course of my visits one Monday morning, I found a worthy woman, the mother of a large family, whom I have long known, bowed down with heaviness and grief. On inquiring the cause, she told me that her husband, who is in many respects an estimable man, had been 'at her again,' as she phrased it, 'because I am not Protestant enough for him, though,' she continued, 'I never go to my own chapel, and when I go anywhere I go to church with him. Oh! I dread the Sunday; it is the worst day of the week to us.' She went on to tell me how her husband had induced her to accompany him one evening to hear a favourite preacher, and that the latter, in the course of his sermon, cautioned parents (at least such was her account, but I told her she must have mistaken the preacher's meaning, she, however, persisted in the accuracy of her statement) against employing Catholic servants, for that it was neither safe for them nor for their children to have persons about them who might any night set the house on fire over their heads. 'I was a servant myself for years, Mr. Bishop,' the poor woman continued, 'and I have relations who are servants, and it made my blood boil to hear such wickedness charged upon us; and me and my husband quarrelled more than a bit about it when we came out.' She added that on the following Sunday evening she left home with her husband to go down to the same church, but that, though she knew there would be a different preacher, the remembrance of what she had heard when last there came across her mind with such force that she *could* not go on, and after another quarrel they compromised the matter by attending the Mission Chapel, where they heard Mr. Thom preach a sermon on the nature of Christian salvation, with which they were both much impressed."

Pp. 19—23.

If our space permitted, we should be glad to extract other passages, especially those which illustrate the horrible miseries of the poor which result from their intemperance, the mischievous character of the principal amusements now offered for the acceptance of the lowest classes, including the pernicious literature prepared for them, and the destructiveness to everything good of mendicity.

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*A Unitarian Pastor's Address to his Congregation at the Opening of the Year.*  
Pp. 14. London—Whitfield.

THE imprint and several allusions in the course of this little tract will probably disclose to the intelligent reader that it is the work of the Rev. Joseph

Ashton, and was addressed by him to his small, but united and prosperous, flock at Preston, on the commencement of the twenty-first year of his ministry to them. He has handled several topics of a personal bearing with remarkable delicacy and success, and he has described very happily the characteristics and enforced the duties of a society of Unitarian worshippers. The Address is plain and practical, but dignified: while aiming to stimulate zeal, it teaches, both by precept and example, moderation and charity. Above all, it recommends itself to us by its simple piety. We are glad to find that preaching of this wholesome kind is not unattended with success; that the hearers shew, by their improved attendance, a growing attachment to public worship (p. 12); that their house of prayer is in its outward appearance altered and improved, and is adorned by a contiguous and commodious building, just raised by the subscriptions of the congregation, for a school (pp. 4, 13). These outward aspects of congregational prosperity the pastor naturally hopes are indications of "the establishment of faith, the advancement of knowledge, and the growth of goodness" among his flock.

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*Immortality—a Tract for the Times; being a Discourse delivered in St. Mark's Church, Edinburgh, on Sunday, January 5th, 1851.* By John Crawford Woods, B.A. Pp. 16. London—Whitfield.

MR. WOODS, the newly-settled minister at Edinburgh, is clearly desirous that there shall be no mistake in the minds of his hearers as to his views of Christianity as a divinely-inspired and supernaturally-attested religion. He emphatically repudiates the so-called spiritualism which affects to attain to a satisfactory faith by intuitions, which, as they are indefensible on any logical ground, are incommunicable to any other mind; and he declares his entire want of sympathy with that Rationalism which, while it professes respect for the character of Christ, declines to receive his miracles. He is willing to risk the charge of being old-fashioned and unspiritual, and to join humbly in the sentiment of his text, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mr. Woods preaches with all the earnestness and ardour of conviction. His language is often very strong, but the reasoning conveyed in it is not less so. In an animated passage towards the conclusion of his discourse, he dwells on the solemn duty incumbent on Unitarians to "uphold the truth as revealed in the gospel." We entirely agree in his opinion, that if we fail in this, we shall soon be swept away as a denomination, "which would be a small thing, did we not occupy the only fortress which the assaults of Infidelity could never overthrow." If Unitarians yield up their Christianity, then indeed we may fear that, the capitol being taken, the invaders will soon destroy the city.

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#### PERIODICALS.

*The Gentleman's Magazine*, January, February, March, 1851.

THIS venerable Magazine, which has now entered the one hundred and twenty-first year of its existence, has in its New Series, under its present able Editor, re-established itself as one of the best existing periodicals. It has cast aside the spirit of old Toryism and the exclusively clerical tone which once characterized it. Though still offering much to interest the antiquarian, it presents a varied and well-arranged banquet for the general reader. The January No. contains a severe but needed exposure of Miss Strickland's slipshod style of writing biography and history. Tracking Miss Strickland, paragraph by paragraph, in her account of the royal progress of Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII. and wife of James IV. of Scotland, and comparing her narrative with the sole existing authority, John Young, the Somerset Herald, our author convicts her of numerous mere imaginings unsupported

by authority, and in many instances contradicted by it. He concludes, with more truth than gallantry, thus :

"These examples might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. We could exhibit blunders of all varieties of kinds and of any desired number, many difficult of parallel even in historical romance, and others apparently the result of a mere wanton disregard of all accuracy and fact ; but the instances we have adduced are surely enough to prove the character and mode of manufacture of the book. Now do not let it be supposed that we entertain any objection to Miss Strickland or any other lady writing amusing stories after this fashion. They may imagine, pretty dears, whatever they like. Raging flames, and floods of tears, and loves of white palfreys, are quite at their service. They may do with them whatever they think best. But let the matter be understood. Let it be known that when they set up as history writers, this is their way of holding the Muse's pen. Let that fact be understood, and we are quite willing that they should have as large a charter as they please. Men writers of history shall be bound by authority. They shall be compelled to observe the sanctity of quotation, and the literal accuracy which is guaranteed by inverted commas. Upon them shall the vials of critical wrath be poured forth unsparingly when they interpolate or invent ; but the charming Strickland creatures shall enjoy, unmolested by us, the full privilege of inventing facts, misunderstanding authorities, and interpolating documents ; and when they have done all this, they may, if it so please them, call the hodgepodge by the name of History ; we only stipulate that the nature of the ingredients be understood. In the course of compositions put together in this way, Miss Strickland has whitewashed our Mary I., and blackwashed every Protestant person and every lover of liberty that has chanced to come across her path."

Mr. J. G. Waller contributes to the same No. of the Magazine, "Notes on Iconography in Northern Germany." From this we select his account of certain sculptured representations of the Trinity, which indicate pretty clearly what debasing influences this scholastic corruption of the gospel exercised on the popular mind. The first Mr. Waller saw near Remagen, a town on the Rhine, in the church of St. Apollinaris. He conjectures the sculpture to belong to the 16th century.

"It exemplifies the Trinity under one of the earliest types: *the Father is represented as a venerable man, with flowing hair and beard, his head covered with a kind of cap, perhaps a cap of maintenance, his right hand in the usual attitude of benediction; the sun is symbolised by a cross surmounting a globe; this occupies the centre; whilst the dove with outspread wings, opposite to the figure of the Father, completes the Trinity.*"

Another representation of the Trinity, of an ancient type, Mr. Waller saw in the village of Saxler, in the Eifel.

"It represents the *Divine Father and Son, both seated*; the Father holds the orb in the left hand, his right grasping the left hand of the Son, who occupies a seat on his right side, and is distinguished by the Cross which he holds in his right hand; both are habited alike, with flowing tunic and mantle, and are not dissimilar in feature. \* \* The Dove, which completes the combination, descends between the two figures precisely as in several examples by M. Didron, from MSS. of the 15th and 16th centuries."

In the same No. is a brief article on Farindon and Owen, described by the writer as "divines of the Cavalier and the Roundhead." The story of Ireton's outrageous conduct to Farindon is told somewhat coarsely. "He made room for the contents of Farindon's cellar beneath the girdles of himself and his followers, and the old vicar's portable valuables went into the soldiers' valise." Now that many things were done on both sides, during the heat of the civil war, which the better men of each party reprobated, we can well believe. Not improbable is it that the Calvinistic troopers whom Ireton commanded, nourished a strong antipathy to the greatest Arminian divine of the age; but that Ireton was personally responsible for the outrages on Farindon's property, and especially his books and MSS., we must be permitted to question. Knowing the spirit in which history and biography were written by contem-

poraries for the thirty years which succeeded the Restoration, we are not greatly moved by stories, however ugly, told against a regicide leader. Ireton was an accomplished scholar as well as a very brave soldier. Ludlow, who had served with and under him, speaks of him with high admiration, and commends especially his *disinterestedness*. Clarendon, while he reviles him, gives him credit for pure political principle, and states that had he lived the worst excesses of the Protectorate would have been prevented. Clarendon also admits that, in 1647, when Charles was in the hands of the army, he was treated by Ireton with good manners, although the stern republican declined to go through the ceremony of kissing his Majesty's hand. Modern historians have written of Ireton in terms honourable to his memory. Mr. Brodie panegyricizes him with more than his accustomed warmth (*History of the British Empire*, IV. 160—164, and notes), ascribing to him great capacity, indefatigable assiduity, consistency, uniform uprightness and remarkable disinterestedness. Mr. Godwin calls him "one of the most eminent characters of the Commonwealth" (*History of the Commonwealth*, I. 466); and Mr. Forster, in his admirable *Lives of British Statesmen*, speaks of "the pure and lofty-minded Ireton." We will not go further into the subject at present, hoping that we may hereafter be enabled, by the assistance of one of our most valued contributors, to give some account of Farinon and his very remarkable sermons, of which a new edition has recently been given to the public, with a life of the author prefixed, by Mr. Jackson, the industrious biographer of John Goodwin.

In the February No. we find a parallel, drawn with skill and minute historical knowledge, between the Laudism of the 17th century and the Puseyism of our own time. The confirmation of Dr. Hampden in 1848, with the protest of objecting proctors, is paralleled by a similar startling scene in the same place, Aug. 22, 1628, on the consecration of Dr. Richard Mountague as Bishop of Chichester. After a statement of the circumstances, the writer proceeds:

"People whose hearts are now-a-days stirred to the highest pitch of excitement by recent innovations, have often been puzzled to account for what is represented to have been the unseemly violence of good men in the reign of Charles I. The clue to the mystery is to be found in this portion of the history of the period. In that day, as in our own, there existed an universal persuasion that, over and above an increased activity in Romish agents, there was to be found in the very bosom of our own Church a body of men disposed to tamper with the common enemy, to introduce his superstitions, to tolerate his delusions, to practise his mummeries, to explain away his doctrinal errors, and 'step by step' to prepare their flocks for a restoration of the Roman dominion."

The writer traces the parallel between Laudism and Puseyism in several successive stages—first, the magnifying of the authority of the Fathers in theological controversy; next, formal and ceremonial attention to the communion-table and its solemnities; the restoration first of the word altar, and next of the thing; next, the assertion of the doctrine of the real presence; next, the sacredness of the place where the altar stood; and consequent upon that, reverent bendings before the altar; then the peculiar sanctity of chancels. The exaltation of the priesthood, the introduction of confession, of absolution, of prayers for the dead and purgatory, and the exaltation of the Virgin Mary as the Mother of God, were the latter stages of Laudism, as they now are of Puseyism. The writer also finds in the 17th century a parallel to the recent numerous conversions to the Church of Rome, and to the recent aggression of the Bishop of Rome.

"In May, 1625, the new Bishop (Smith, Bishop of Chalcedon) arrived in London, and for three years secretly exercised, under the title of 'Ordinary of England,' his episcopal functions. He lay *perdû*, without any exhibition of his hierarchical pretensions. No pastorals were sent forth 'out of the Flaminian Gate.' The faithful, no doubt, were condescendingly admitted, as in our days,

to the privilege of kissing his rings and jewels, and they went perhaps in secret to inspect his episcopal *trousseau*, but both must have been mean and meagre in comparison with the glittering and tawdry toys which now dazzle the eyes of believers in St. George's Fields. After some time, a rather unusual display was incautiously made in Lancashire, the Bishop appeared publicly in *Pontificalibus*. Popular feeling was aroused. A Parliament was about to be called. Something must be done. In our days, under such circumstances, Lord John Russell writes a manly and indignant letter. In the time of Charles I., the King issued a proclamation, 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' \* \* \* Never was public document more deceptive than the proclamation of Charles I. It had no further effect; no search was made. This disappointed many. *No such disappointment is likely to ensue now.*"

Since these words were printed, the parallel has been confirmed by the miserable anti-papal Bill now before Parliament, which, while it irritates the Catholic party, is the occasion of bitter disappointment to those who think Popery can be held in check by Acts of Parliament.

### *The Monthly Christian Spectator*, Nos. II. and III.

THIS new monthly religious periodical is understood to emanate from a section of the liberal and movement party of the Congregationalists. In ecclesiastical matters it resembles the *Nonconformist*, but lacks Mr. Miall's pointed style. Its theological tone is remarkably subdued. In literary execution it is more unequal than need be even in a Magazine. Incomparably the best articles in it, so far, are two giving an account of the celebrated German theologian De Wette, which are evidently written by one having a large knowledge of his subject, Christian in his sympathies and liberal in his spirit. Wilhelm Martin Leberecht de Wette was born at Ulla, near Weimar, Jan. 12, 1780, his father being the pastor there. In 1799, he entered the University of Jena. The theological influences to which De Wette was exposed are thus explained:

"In theology, De Wette took no one as his master. Kindly received and treated by Griesbach, the restorer of the text of the New Testament, he felt toward him a warm affection; but the aged scholar was himself too undecided and wavering to fix the convictions of his young friend. A different man was the celebrated Paulus, the patriarch of Rationalism. He was in the vigour of life. His system of interpretation, no less decided than his character, was the fashion of the day. A natural occurrence, it said, was at the centre of every recorded miracle. The intellect, the imagination, history, and fable, were taxed to detect and bring to light the infinitesimal fact which lay there buried under a confused mass of supernatural accretions. A learned rivalry was produced. The old contended with the young, student vied with student, under the central impulse sent forth by Professor Paulus, in order to make Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, unsay what for nearly two thousand years they had said, but what, according to the new theory, they never meant to say. Now an ardent young man, seeking fame, which in Germany is ever an essential preliminary to employment, De Wette surrendered himself to the predominant influence, if not with full concurrence of head and heart, yet with such acquiescence as led him to make the new method the guiding spirit of his own studies and efforts. Hence is it that in England De Wette is commonly regarded as the great Rationalistic heresiarch. The impression has been encouraged by the circulation here of Theodore Parker's unsatisfactory translation of an unsatisfactory book; namely, De Wette's 'Introduction to the Old Testament.' The impression, however, is incorrect and unjust. From the first, De Wette had in him something better than Rationalism, and for years towards the last he was, we are willing to believe, a humble and loving disciple of Jesus Christ."—Pp. 90, 91.

In 1809, De Wette was called to the chair of Theology in Heidelberg, and soon after to that in Berlin. He was suddenly dismissed in consequence of an unguarded expression of sympathy in a correspondence with the family of Karl Kotzebue, the assassin of Kotzebue. He withdrew to his native city and devoted himself to his duties of private tuition and the pulpit. An invi-

tation from a church in Brunswick was frustrated by the continued resentment of the government. In the year 1822, he found in Basle, the city of Erasmus and Ecolampadius, a refuge and an honourable position as Professor of Theology.

"By his lectures and preaching, he soon obtained a high degree of respect; in time spread his fame over all the learned world, and enjoyed the high satisfaction of pursuing his inquiries and publishing the chief results in undisturbed and unbroken studies, which extended over a period of five and twenty years. At the head of a happy family, with his powers unimpaired, his frame unbent, and not a grey hair, De Wette seemed to be justified in yet looking forward to years of domestic peace, personal improvement, and vigorous usefulness. The great Disposer of events had ordained otherwise. Falling suddenly ill he in a few days was no more (June 16, 1849). In his last hours, when no longer able to follow a train of consecutive ideas, he murmured out the words 'God's omnipotence' and 'perfect love.' His dying couch was attended by a son, who is a physician, by his beloved wife, by a cherished daughter, and by a faithful domestic, who honoured him as a father."—P. 92.

In the following passage we have a good description, founded on the statements of Professor Lücke, of the state of things in the University of Berlin:

"That eminent school of letters was then favoured with the presence and exertions of a theological triumvirate, whose merit was never surpassed, and whose influence will be at once most lasting and most beneficial. The progress and triumphs of vulgar Rationalism called forth the masterly efforts of Schleiermacher, who recast dogmatic theology, and replaced a dead formalism by a living religion; of Neander, who read and wrote ecclesiastical history with the eye of Christian faith and love; and of De Wette, who, besides revising the canon of sacred Scripture, found in the affections a new and firm seat for faith expelled by Rationalism from the intellect. The time of Lücke's personal intercourse with the last of these three great spiritual reformers falls between the spring of 1816 and the harvest of 1818. This was the period when De Wette, experiencing the searching and controlling power of personal religion, began to pass from the more abstract, theoretical, and critical view by which he had been previously guided, into that practical, positive, and believing state of mind which, making him eventually one with Christ, gave religion to his soul, peace to his heart, and soundness to his theology. Formerly a speculatist, he now became a believer. Philosophy and the gospel found a point of union in his mind. While he became more learned as a critic, he became more wise as a disciple. Learning to distinguish between the letter and the spirit of the Bible, he learned also to receive as a little child the religious essence of the sacred volume in its historical developments, and specially as displayed in the divine life of Him to whom, directly or indirectly, every page bears witness.

"Admitting that Schleiermacher, with his deep experience of the Christian life, and his happy ideal readings of the gospel, won his heart, too inclined to the bold destructive processes of Rationalism, Lücke states that De Wette exerted over himself an influence too decided and too deep to be merely transient. The theology of De Wette, one in essential points with that of Schleiermacher, confirmed the same truths from a different point of view. Moreover, De Wette's theology possessed qualities which were wanting in the theology of Schleiermacher. Besides being more perspicuous in its exposition, it was constantly impartial and discreet, with all its boldness. The systematic explanation of the Scriptures was conducted with so masterly a hand, that Lücke, held bound notwithstanding speculative diversities, became a most attentive and docile scholar. His ear and heart were the more readily surrendered, because De Wette possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the very desirable power of drawing and attaching to himself young students of promise. Free from the affectation of seeming to know everything, and of standing intellectually above his pupils, he made them his friends, discoursed with them, heard their remarks with simple attention, solved their difficulties, directed their studies, stimulated their curiosity, and aimed rather to make them independent thinkers than passive copies of his own mind or vapid retailers of his own views."—Pp. 92, 93.

## INTELLIGENCE.

## DOMESTIC.

*Religious Intolerance at Mossley.*

Mossley, a considerable manufacturing village on the borders of the counties of York and Lancaster, about four miles distant from Dukinfield, has recently been the scene of considerable excitement in consequence of the strange doings of certain religious professors. The predominant party in the village belongs to the New-Connexion Methodists, a sect who separated themselves from the Wesleyans to secure and enjoy religious liberty. About ten years ago, a considerable section of the New-Connexion Methodists in Mossley (as well as in other places) seceded, desiring to enjoy greater freedom and theological latitude than their then leaders were disposed to grant. The seceders engaged a large upper room, capable of holding a thousand persons, and in this they have ever since conducted public worship, the preachers being intelligent members of their own body, and others received as ministers of the Christian Brethren, and occasionally the pulpit was supplied by the Unitarian ministers of the neighbourhood. The only articles of church-membership insisted on by the Christian Brethren at Mossley were belief in Jesus Christ as the Messiah, and a good life. Amongst the preachers of the Christian Brethren, no one has been more assiduous, or taken a higher station in public opinion, than Mr. James Robinson, of Mossley.

Both parties continued to attend the Sunday-school as before. This Sunday-school, though nominally connected with the Methodist New-Connexion chapel, is, properly speaking, a public institution. It was established about thirty years ago, on the breaking up of the Union Sunday-school, which previously had been the only one in the village, and which had been in the hands of the Established Church and Methodists conjointly. The new school, although chiefly under the direction of the New-Connexion Methodists, was by no means founded on an exclusive basis. The trust-deeds, as well as the rules for the internal regulation of the school, were drawn up in a liberal spirit. The only test of admittance for teachers was good moral character, and the school was open to children of all denominations. With this understand-

ing it was joined by men of various shades of religious belief, and has been liberally supported by the public. The two parties continued to co-operate in the school without any open disagreement. The liberal party strictly avoided giving expression to any peculiar views which might give offence to others. Constituting as they did a majority, and numbering among them a large proportion of the most intelligent and experienced teachers, they might with little difficulty have secured for themselves an ascendancy; but on this point they felt indifferent. The consequence was, the New-Connexion Methodists quietly but systematically introduced their partizans into most of the vacancies that occurred in the teachers' plan, and thus acquired a majority. The same system was pursued in the appointment of the committee. The knowledge of their power seemed to increase their bitterness; but no actual collision took place till the latter end of October last, when a joint meeting of the trustees and general committee was suddenly called. At this meeting a resolution was moved and carried, the substance of which was, that all those teachers who did not believe and teach the doctrines of the Methodist New Connexion should be requested to withdraw from the school. At the next regular teachers' meeting the resolution of the committee was read and the matter warmly discussed. It was alleged by the supporters of the resolution, that, in consequence of the difference of opinion entertained by the teachers on religious matters, there was not that concord which the interests of the school required; that the teachers belonging to the Christian Brethren had had their own minds poisoned, and were instilling their errors into the minds of the scholars; that as the school was exclusively a New-Connexion institution, it was desirable and necessary that the heterodox party should leave it, if its original purposes were to be carried out. They disclaimed, however, on that occasion the intention of adopting any coercive measures, but left the question of withdrawing from the school entirely optional. On the other hand, it was contended that, if any dissatisfaction or discord existed, it was not caused by the so-called heterodox party, for

they had ever avoided putting themselves forward in the school as a party, but had simply as individuals endeavoured to fulfil their duties as teachers. The charge of teaching what was called error, they met by a distinct denial. While they denied the right of the Methodist New Connexion to set up their own doctrines as the standard of religious truth, they had on this point strictly respected the clause of the trust-deed which provides that only those branches of learning that accord with the doctrines of the Methodist New Connexion shall be taught in the school, but which they submitted was not designed to impose an uniformity of theological belief. They declared that they had constantly endeavoured to enforce those great practical truths of the gospel upon which they were all agreed, but had never sought to inculcate any opinion or sentiment opposed to the New-Connexion creed, and they asked their opponents to produce, if they could, a single proof to the contrary. Although the charge has been repeatedly made, and proof as often demanded, not one instance has been adduced. The only answer that can be got is this, that it is painful to name individual cases, or that if opposition to the doctrines of the Methodist New Connexion has not been verbally declared in the school, that opposition has been manifested in actions, and the fact of Mr. James Robinson having preached in the Unitarian chapels of Gee Cross and Dukinfield was adduced in proof. The meeting broke up without a vote being taken. During the following month the excitement produced by these discussions abated, and it was rumoured that the Methodist leaders did not intend to persevere in the exclusion of the others.

The next meeting was attended by a large body of Methodist teachers, and as it happened by very few of the Christian Brethren. A resolution was immediately moved confirming the resolution passed by the trustees and general committee, and pledging the teachers to assist in carrying it into effect. A very stormy discussion ensued, and in spite of the protest of the minority, and an attempt to postpone the consideration of the subject in order that all the teachers might be present, the resolution was carried.

It would be tedious to our readers to detail minutely the subsequent transactions. The next step was to pack a committee, to whom was entrusted the

duty of forming the plan or list of teachers for the next six months. The duties of the plan-makers are strictly defined in the rules of the school. They have the power to remove from the plan the names of those persons who may have absented themselves, without a sufficient reason, from their appointments for a specified number of times. They are likewise bound to receive the names of all persons who may offer themselves as new teachers, and with such names to fill up the vacancies that may exist, according to the best of their judgment. These are the only powers they possess. How strangely they exceeded their powers will be seen when we state, that they began their arrangements by striking off from the list of teachers the name of Mr. James Robinson and ten others who were accustomed to act with him in religious matters. Several of the proscribed teachers were among the best benefactors of the school; they had assisted at its establishment, had watched and guided its infancy, and had laboured with zeal and success in promoting its welfare during every stage of its history.

On the 9th of February, the emasculated plan was submitted by the special committee, as was required by the constitution of the school, to the teachers. Mr. James Robinson attended, and in a speech of more than an hour's length powerfully exposed the conduct of the plan-makers, and so forcible were his arguments that a majority of those present declined to confirm their proceedings, and carried an amendment to the effect that a new special committee should be appointed to frame a plan in accordance with the rules of the school. When the new plan was presented, its adoption was moved, with the exception of the name of Mr. Robinson. This resolution was founded on two allegations—1, Mr. Robinson's heterodoxy; 2, his having used expressions hostile to the Methodist New-Connexion society. Mr. Robinson exposed the unconstitutional and illegal character of the resolution; but seeing the persevering and malignant bigotry of the men by whom he was assailed, he advised his friends to allow them to take their course. In the progress of the discussion it was avowed by the Methodist leaders that their determination was to continue the proscriptions, and not to stop till they had purged the school. Mr. R. was voted off the plan, his friends abstaining from voting. His expulsion was confirmed

by the general committee the week following, and the new plan duly appeared with his name omitted. In this juncture of affairs, the committee which had been formed by the liberal party for the purpose of watching the course of events, were called together. They calmly considered their position, and deliberated on the most judicious line of conduct to be pursued under the circumstances. It was finally agreed to recommend their friends to withdraw from the school altogether, and to establish one of their own. It was felt that it would be unwise to persevere in a contest in which neither party could reap advantage. This decision was approved of, and fifty or sixty of the teachers left, or prepared to leave, the school. Preparations were immediately commenced for the new school. The morning service in the preaching room was dispensed with, and in its stead one in the evening appointed; the time for beginning the afternoon service was fixed half an hour later, and the necessary fittings were ordered to be erected. On Sunday, March 16th, the school was publicly opened, when the Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D., of Manchester, preached two sermons, and collections were made towards defraying the expenses incurred. The Rev. Doctor was attentively listened to by crowded congregations, and the collections amounted to the handsome sum of £41. 9s. The school was opened for the reception of children on Sunday, March 23rd. Such is the present position of affairs. The sympathy of the public generally is, as may easily be conjectured, with the seceding party. They have determined that their school shall be well conducted; their aim will be not only to communicate knowledge, but to form the principles and mould the dispositions of their scholars in accordance with the spirit of the religion of Jesus. But there is a serious obstacle to their success in the want of a separate school building. The practice of holding divine service and a Sunday-school in the same room on the same day, is one which every one must see is attended with considerable inconvenience. The friends at Mossley, however, have resolved that a building shall be erected containing two spacious and convenient rooms to serve the purposes of school-room and chapel.

We trust that they will at once prepare for this important work, and that, by weekly and other contributions amongst themselves, they will without

delay begin to raise the necessary funds. If they do this liberally and perseveringly, and their future proceedings are conducted with firmness and moderation, we doubt not that help will be extended to them by the liberal and kindly-disposed of other religious denominations. On the sympathy of the Unitarians of England they may certainly rely with confidence.

#### *Opening of Owens College, Manchester.*

Our readers will remember that the late John Owens, Esq., of Manchester, who died on the 29th of July, 1846, by his will, dated 31st of May, 1845, bequeathed all his personalty capable of being devoted by will to charitable purposes, first to various benevolent bequests to local charities; and the residue, forming the bulk of such personalty, to fourteen "trustees, for educational purposes," including his two executors, himself by will appointing his first trustees,—in trust to found an institution for instructing male youth (of fourteen years and upwards) "in such branches of learning and science as are now and may be hereafter usually taught in the English universities." The result is the origination of the Owens College, for which a spacious dwelling-house in Quay Street—successively occupied by the late Thomas Hardman, Esq., and by Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., and now the property of Mr. George Faulkner, one of the executors and educational trustees of Mr. Owens—has been adapted to collegiate purposes. We hear that it is contemplated by the trustees to purchase the fee-simple of these premises, and that in the lease they have secured the right of purchase. But as they are precluded by the terms of the will from spending more than a certain limited sum on building for the College, they and their friends propose to raise by subscription the sum of £10,000, for the purpose of securing the premises and making the requisite extension and alteration of the buildings. A considerable part of the required amount is already raised, chiefly in subscriptions of £500. An able staff of a principal and four other professors (the principal being one) has been appointed by the trustees, and two teachers of Modern Languages (French and German). The principal is Mr. J. A. Scott, late of University College, who also is professor of English Literature; Mr. J. G. Greenwood, B.A., is the professor of Classical

Literature and of Ancient and Modern History; Mr. Sandeman, of Mathematics and Physics; Mr. Williamson is professor of Natural History, and Dr. Frankland is professor of Chemistry.

It was intended that the first session of the College should be opened by an address from the Principal, but unhappily this was rendered impracticable by the sudden and severe illness of Mr. Scott. On Wednesday, March 12, the trustees and the other professors opened the public business of the institution, and introductory lectures were delivered by Professors Greenwood and Sandeman. The occasion brought together a numerous assemblage of persons interested in the success of the institution. On subsequent days, introductory lectures were delivered by Professors Williamson and Dr. Frankland. We extract from the columns of the *Manchester Guardian* a portion of the inaugural address of Professor Greenwood:

"In considering the place which classical learning ought to hold in a scheme of education, it may, I suppose, be assumed that by education is meant, not a mere preparation for some specific trade or profession, but rather a preparation for the whole business of life,—a preparation which shall fit the student to fill well his part as a member of a family, of a commercial or professional community, of society generally, and of a state. To furnish a complete education in all these senses, is, of course, not within the range of any single institution; some portions of it, for instance, can only be supplied in the family circle to which each belongs; others must be gained from immediate intercourse with affairs, from the warehouse, the factory, the courts of law, the hospital or the ship. To fit young men to enter at once on their several professions, is not the function of a college for general education; but to develop, in their due proportion, all the faculties of the man, that the student may be fitted to perform well each of those duties which belong to us all; that he shall be furnished, indeed, with all the learning that is wanting to enable him afterwards to acquire the knowledge specially necessary for his own pursuits; but yet that he may be guarded against the danger of having his whole mind absorbed by those pursuits: to effect that he shall not be so mere a scholar as to look at everything through the dusty spectacles of antiquity, or so ardent a manufacturer, or

surgeon, or lawyer, as to regard his fellow-men mainly as subjects for the operation of the loom, the knife, or the statutes at large. It is not meant that no help is furnished in a collegiate education towards the various pursuits of after life: much may be done towards this, directly, by lectures on statute and commercial law, on political economy, or on the principles of commerce; and much more, indirectly, by the knowledge acquired in the study of classical literature, of history, of mathematics and physics, of chemistry and the natural sciences. Still, the main end of a liberal education is, not to furnish such special information, but so to discipline the reason, the understanding and the taste, so to strengthen the various powers of the mind, that when the student proceeds, thus disciplined and strengthened, to learn the use of the weapons needful for himself especially, he may acquire them most readily, and ever afterwards use them most worthily for himself, and most beneficially for the entire community. If this be the true end of education, it will be seen at once that the science of language must hold an important place in it. Language is the medium of intercourse between man and man; the instrument and almost the very form of thought; and how better can the young student be introduced to the study of the intellectual processes than by a minute analysis of some of the most elaborated languages that have ever been spoken? Or how better can he learn to think accurately for himself than by the study of the exact meaning of words and phrases? Yet, it may be said, while the claims of language to form an essential part of education must be granted, why should the dead languages of Greece and Rome be chosen for this purpose? Why cannot we take, instead, some modern languages, which will be of practical use themselves, as well as a valuable instrument for training? To this question, so obvious and, at first sight, so forcible, a careful answer must be given: it should be shewn that while, on the one hand, the study of modern languages would prove an inferior discipline, so, on the other hand, it is not true that the languages and literature of those ancient nations are utterly alien to us. These languages are a better instrument for training, because they are more elaborate in their processes of etymology and syntax, expressing by copious and multiform

inflexion and composition what the languages of modern Europe express by mere juxtaposition of independent words. The permanence of their form, and the broad difference between them and our own tongues, increase their educational value, as the attention is more readily fixed on the phenomena of language when the words embodying them are unfamiliar to the eye and ear. Again, they supply an acknowledged standard with which to compare the languages of modern Europe,—a standard, be it observed, not arbitrary but real, since those languages are actually modelled, to a great extent, after the classical tongues, and some of them derived directly from them. Finally, though this is an incidental advantage, we have in the classical tongues one foundation for the language studies of educated men of all nations, as in the elements of Euclid for their mathematical studies. But it is not merely as an instrument of intellectual training that the classical studies are to be valued; the positive and direct worth of the stores they unfold to the student are incalculable. We are hardly less closely connected with the races of Greece and Rome than with our own immediate ancestors. Not more truly do we owe our most valued civil rights and social institutions to our Saxon forefathers, than we are indebted to the Greeks and Romans for a large element of our literature and philosophy. \* \* \*

“The young student should be taught to examine the ancient languages in their individual peculiarities, and in their relations with each other, and with those of later times; to trace out the derivation of word from word, to classify and analyze and compound. This, of course, is to be done by a careful study of the text of the authors themselves, and by translation from English into Latin and Greek. For a time he will be occupied with the easier books, but even these will present much room for illustrative instruction in geography, history and antiquities. As he proceeds to read books of a higher class, the great models of poetry and history, oratory and philosophy, he will be taught to appreciate their excellences of style, to observe how they illustrate the character of their times, and the effect they have exercised on the literature of modern days. It is true that from a range so extensive selections only can be read; but it is quite possible, in a collegiate course, to read enough to impart such a know-

ledge and appreciation of them as will induce the student in after life to take them up again as an employment and relaxation in leisure hours; and ‘the business of the tutor,’ in the words of Locke, ‘is not so much to teach him all that is knowable, as to raise in him a love and esteem of knowledge; and to put him in the right way of knowing and improving himself when he has a mind to it.’ It may, however, be urged, and indeed is often urged, that in a community so pre-eminently practical, so devoted to commerce and manufactures, there can be no time for such studies, and that, if there were, they would prove of little use to the student in his after life. The answer, paradoxical as it may sound, I would make is, that it is precisely because they will *not* be useful to him in the ordinary sense, that they should be so sedulously cultivated. The more absorbing these after pursuits are likely to prove, and the stronger their tendency to engross him with the material and the present, the more important is it that he should be familiar with pursuits which will sometimes allure him to converse with the great minds of other times and countries. Other branches of knowledge will be taught in this college, which, in addition to their value as a mental discipline, will prove of great use in their application to manufactures and commerce. With such studies, therefore, it is important in many ways that our students should be familiar. I am too sensible of their value in counteracting the mischievous effects of an exclusive devotion to classics, to underrate them as an independent pursuit. But there is a danger on either side. As a too exclusive study of literature, unbalanced by the sterner discipline of the exact sciences, is apt to engender a vagueness of thought, a slavish deference to authority, and a loose and inconclusive style of reasoning, so the development of the reason, or, more correctly, of the understanding, alone, is likely to lead to a one-sided and disputatious frame of mind, a presumptuous and overweening self-reliance, which is as opposed to true knowledge as it is to wisdom. The most obvious corrective of this is a course of discipline, in which the master works of the master minds of all ages are set before the learner,—works which he is not invited to discuss and criticize in the first instance, but to study with reverence and submission until he has gathered from the works

themselves the power to judge them aright. \* \* \*

"Before I finish I would address a few words to those who are to form our first classes in Owens College. It is an old Greek saying, that the 'beginning is more than half the whole.' If there is any truth in this, there is some responsibility as well as honour in being concerned with the opening of a new institution like this, and these must attach to you as well as to us. I think I may promise for myself and colleagues that no zeal at least shall be wanting in us to secure a good beginning, and I trust we may reckon on finding the same in you. With whatever care your studies are chosen for you, and however they are directed, it must be mainly with yourselves whether they are to be successful. I would remind you that little can be gained by mere attention to the class-work within the walls of this college. The subject of every lesson must be carefully prepared at home, and afterwards revised at leisure. I have already reminded you that education is not itself an end, but a means towards many ends; and it depends very much on what end you set before yourselves, whether the education you carry away will be worth the carrying. Those who simply wish to spend a few wearisome years with as little trouble as possible, will be sure to gain their object. Those whose main ambition is to earn distinctions here, will also be likely to succeed in that, but no further; for knowledge learned for a temporary purpose mostly proves temporary. Those who aim at the true end of education,—the discipline of the mind and the strengthening of its faculties for after use in the noblest way,—they too will gain their end, for the very effort, if honestly made, implies success. 'Studies,' says Lord Bacon, 'serve for delight, for ornament, and

for ability. Crafty men despise studies, simple men admire them, wise men use them; for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them, and above them.'—(Great applause.)"

We understand that about 20 students have entered the several classes, which are thus arranged:

Comparative Grammar and English Language and Literature, Professor A. J. Scott, A.M., Principal.

Logic and Mental and Moral Philosophy, Professor A. J. Scott, A.M.

Languages and Literature of Greece and Rome, Professor J. G. Greenwood.

Mathematics and Physics, Professor Archibald Sandeman, M.A.

Chemistry, Elementary Course, Professor Edward Frankland, Ph.D.

This course is intended as introductory to a more extended one, comprehending the application of Chemistry to the Arts, Manufactures, and Agriculture, as well as Practical Manipulation Classes in the Laboratory, arrangements for which are in progress.

Natural History, Anatomy, and Physiology, Professor W. C. Williamson, M.R.C.S.

In future sessions the above will be followed by a course on Geology.

French Language and Literature, Teacher, M. Podevin.

German Language and Literature, Teacher, Mr. Theodores.

Courses on the Hebrew of the Old Testament, by the Principal; on the Greek of the New Testament, and on History, by Professor Greenwood, will be delivered at times to be arranged with proposing students.

The above outline is proposed only for the first session, after which the collegiate year is intended to commence in October and terminate in the early part of July.

## MARRIAGES.

Jan. 27, at the Bridge chapel, Honiton, by Rev. William Rowlinson, of Collumpton, ISAAC JOHN COX, Esq., of Honiton, Devon, attorney-at-law, to Mrs. ANNE PERCY MELHUISE, widow of the late John Melhuish, Esq., of Honiton.

Feb. 10, at the Old chapel, Dukinfield, by Rev. R. Brook Aspland, M.A., Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, of Dukinfield, to Miss MARY ELIZABETH WORMALD, of the same place.

Feb. 12, at Cross-Street chapel, Manchester, by Rev. W. Gaskell, M.A., GEORGE STANLEY DARBISHIRE, Esq., of the Laurels, Pendleton, to ELLEN, daughter of John CARVER, Esq., of Belmont, Pendleton, near Manchester.

March 12, at the Presbyterian chapel, Tenterden, by the Rev. Edward Talbot, Mr. CHARLES ELLIS, Jun., of Gabriel's Hill, Maidstone, to MARY, youngest daughter of the late Joseph MACE, Esq., of the Pebbles, Tenterden.